

Children's Newspaper

All the English-Speaking World Loves
the C.N. Monthly—Ask for My Magazine

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 98 Week Ending
JANUARY 29, 1921

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

PRINCE APPEALS FOR THE BOY SCOUTS

THE MONSTER AND THE MIDGET

MOUSE FRIGHTENS AN ELEPHANT

Dignity and Impudence at a London Menagerie

PANIC AMONG THE GIANTS

Girls are often laughed at for being afraid of mice, yet the elephant, mightiest of all land animals, exhibits just the same fear of these tiny creatures. An elephant will face a charging tiger, but not a mouse!

There has just been another example of this lack of courage in the giant beasts at the Olympia circus in London.

Goliath, the elephant, whose professional name is Tiny the Tank, met David, the mouse, in the giant's stable. Goliath, with his companion, was eating a dinner of hay, and David was in that hay. The giant saw the midget, and screamed with terror.

Goliath is 76 years old, weighs several tons, has a fine brain, and a record of varied experiences, but at the sight of almost the smallest of mammals among his fodder the giant and his companion trumpeted with wild alarm.

Elephants Send Out S.O.S.

The S.O.S. was bellowed out until the keepers went to the assistance of the elephants, frightened away yce David, and soothed the nerves of the giants.

This was an arduous undertaking, for a frightened elephant is difficult to pacify, and Tiny and his companion had to be petted and pampered for quite a long time before they could be steadied for the performance in the ring.

The supposition is that the elephant's fear of the mouse is aroused by the possibility of the little creature darting up its trunk. In a battle with a tiger the elephant raises its trunk on high, but when the little enemy is among the food into which the trunk must be thrust, these tactics have to be altered. If the mouse does not go away the elephant will, if he can; if he cannot, then he cries for man's aid.

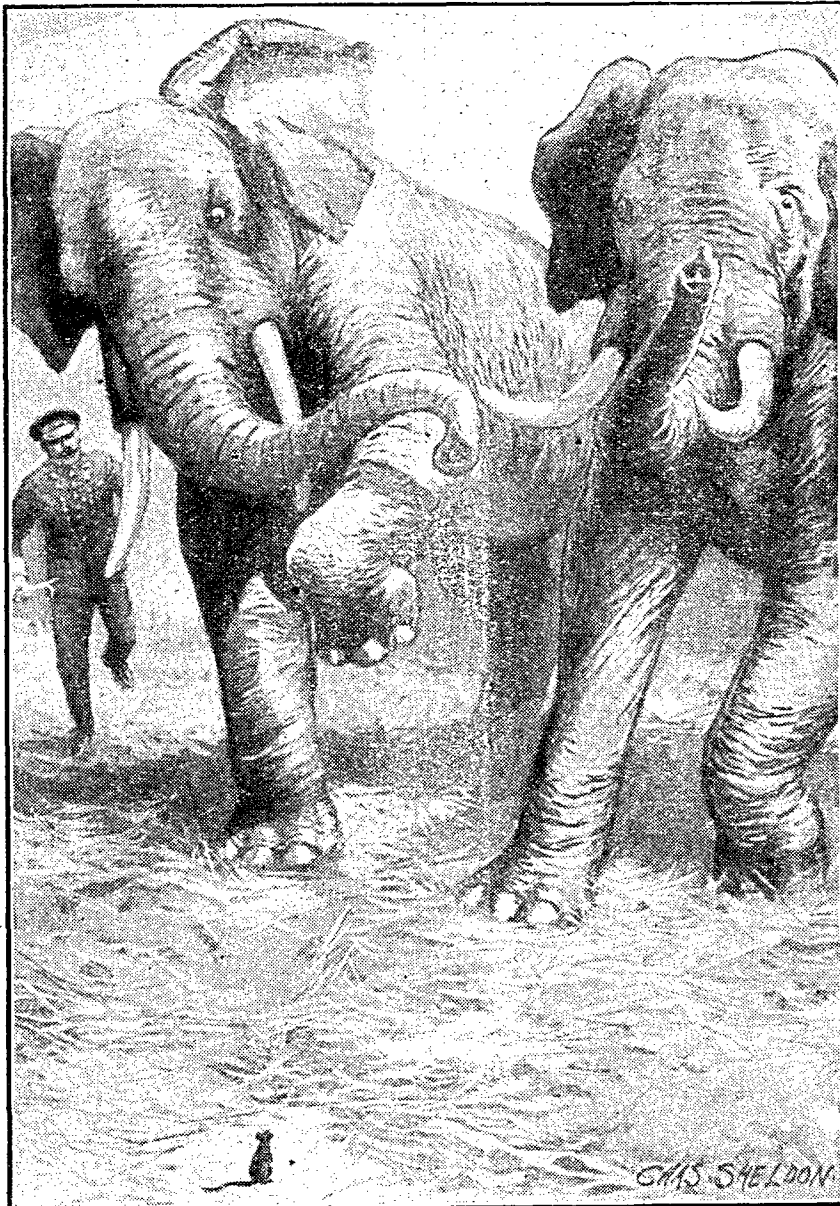
One Mouse Beats Ten Elephants

It is on record that a mouse did once enter the trunk of a performing elephant, and the big animal's terror was so genuine that it upset its fellow elephants as well, and a troupe of ten was unable to perform for several days.

If he but knew, the elephant has more to fear from rats than mice. Three young elephants were actually killed by rats at a Hamburg menagerie. They arrived exhausted after a long journey, and lay down listless. During the night rats appeared and gnawed the soles of the monsters' feet so severely that death resulted.

Loss of blood could not alone have accounted for it; shock, following intense exhaustion, must have been largely responsible. Picture on this page

Panic in the Giants' Den



These elephants at a London circus were terrified the other day when they saw a mouse sitting among their hay, and they only ceased their loud trumpeting when the attendants rushed up and drove off the impudent little intruder. See next column

GETHSEMANE

NEWS FROM THE SACRED GARDEN

Remains of Churches of the Early Christians

TRACING THE WAY OF JESUS

The British flag flies over Palestine, and British minds are superintending one of the most interesting pieces of work that have been carried out within the borders of the Holy Land.

The Garden of Gethsemane stands, next to Calvary, as the most pathetically holy place on earth. It seems not to belong to this mortal earth of ours, but to some world remote as Heaven.

And yet, day by day, men are making it as real to us as Jerusalem itself. Gethsemane has suddenly assumed for us the same actuality it must have possessed on that night of nights when the Disciples slumbered while Jesus in his agony prayed, and the multitude drew near to take Him.

Church in a Garden

The Divine Tragedy moved forward relentless as fate to that tremendous scene in "a place called Gethsemane"; and Gethsemane is a name to symbolise suffering and woe past mortal endurance. What meetier place for a Christian church if the site could be found and the establishment maintained? Well, there was a Christian church in Gethsemane seven centuries ago, and that church was founded upon the ruins of a similar building of the fourth century.

It is the British spade that is reverently delving and excavating and bringing into daylight the remains of the churches built by pious and gallant hands 1600 years ago.

We shall build in Gethsemane a Christian church which will preserve the relics of the churches of the 4th and 13th centuries; but that will not be yet.

Most Sacred of Spots

There is much thrilling search to be made first. The Bible is brief in its descriptions. It is with the actions of the Man of Sorrows rather than with the garden that the twenty Gethsemane verses of St. Matthew are concerned, and of the Gethsemane that Jesus saw we have no picture.

Poetry mingled with the piety of those brave old Christians of 1600 years ago who chose this dangerous place for their church, for where could weak, fallible man find so fitting a place for his penance and prayers as this, where Jesus Himself prayed that the cup of suffering might pass?

How many scores of thousands of Crusaders from all Christian lands perished in the attempt to reach Gethsemane! Today a group of peaceful men are there with spade and mattock, and they are methodically opening up the foundations of the scene of the sweetest, saddest story that has ever been revealed to men.

PERILOUS JOURNEY UNDER WATER

Brave Boy Scout's Great Life-Saving Feat

Scout Leader George Ingamells has received at Grimsby the Scout Silver Cross for a most gallant deed.

He saw a canoe overturn on a lake with a paddler inside who could not swim, and he went to the rescue.

Ingamells was seized in the water by the drowning canoeist, and both went to the bottom. Disengaging himself, Ingamells came to the top, filled his lungs with air, and then dived again, but failed to bring his friend to the surface. He, however, dragged him nearer the side. Then he rose for more air, dived again, and dragged him farther, till at last he reached the bank. Then he collapsed. Only by forty minutes of artificial respiration were both restored to consciousness.

UNKNOWN ARTIST CAPTURES PARIS

And Proves to be a British Cabinet Minister

The art world of Paris has been excited by the appearance of a young unknown artist whose five pictures, shown at an exhibition in the city, have won warm approval from the critics.

The painting name of the artist is Charles Morin, and everyone was asking "Who is he?" It now appears that this young painter of great promise is Mr. Winston Churchill, the British War Minister, who during the war, when he was out of office, began to amuse himself, at the age of 40, with landscape painting.

Mr. Churchill has, in turn, been a soldier, a war correspondent, a forceful politician on both sides, a Minister of the Crown; and he now suddenly wins wide admiration as an artist. What further surprise has he in store?

MARVELLOUS PAGEANT OF LIFE FIRST VOICE HEARD ON THE EARTH

Romance of a Baby Mussel THE LIZARD THAT WALKS LIKE A CHILD

We can never again complain of lack of interest in natural affairs if we remember the series of Royal Institution lectures which Professor J. Arthur Thomson has now completed.

Entrancing are the marvels he has revealed to us.

Fish that are a brilliant red in water, where their beauty cannot be seen, fish that have monstrous eyes, fish that have eyes like pinholes, fish that have a red light upon one side of the head, a green light upon the other; fish whose bodies are luminous, fish which have an electric glow only in the tail—all this is part of the wonder of deep-sea life.

In fresh water we have a spider which must breathe air yet lives under water, and does it by weaving a web at the bottom of a pool and carrying down air entangled among its hairs.

Adventures of a Mussel

There, too, is a worm living part of its life in the shell of a water-snail, passing with the snail into the body of a sheep, and setting up a disease which may kill a million sheep a year.

Water wagtails come to the pool to fish for these snails, every such bird being unconsciously a guardian by devouring the parasite which destroys the animal that gives us food and clothing.

Then there is the wonderful mussel which, in its early infancy, hooks itself on to a minnow and goes roaming whithersoever the minnow sails. The baby mussel feeds upon the minnow for a while and then drops off ready to develop into a full-sized specimen, when it in turn becomes a host; the little bitterling needing the fortress of the mussel for the upbringing of its young.

All Life from the Water

With all its advantages the water, once the home of all life, has not retained its children. Every animal upon the land, from insect to elephant, is descended from forms which once swam the waters. The worms came first and fertilised the soil.

After them came the centipedes and millipedes—animals with feet; then things such as scorpions, spiders, and crabs, of which collection one crab, whose ancestors were in the sea, now climbs trees and eats the contents of coconuts, returning every year to lay its eggs in the sea.

All reptiles, birds, and mammals have little slits in their necks corresponding to the gills of a fish, and in the blood of a man today there is practically the same proportion of salt as in sea water.

Mystery of a Bird's Flight

In due course came the insects—puny things, yet superior to ourselves in energy on account of their perfect breathing system. They breathe with nearly every part of their bodies.

In the scheme of Nature flowers and insects are fitted to each other as hand to glove. But all these things began in a world whose silence was broken only by the uproar of wind and storm and the noise of rushing waters. The first vocal organs and the first tongue and the first voice came with the frogs and toads. The croak of one of them was the first sound from an animal ever uttered in this wide, wide world.

The great procession comes on; and while squirrels take to the trees, other animals dig themselves into the ground. First reptiles, then birds, fluttered from little heights and greater heights, flapping their arms like parachutes, till wings and flying came into existence.

But we still do not understand the mystery of an albatross's flight as it hangs in the air, barely moving its pinions.

Continued in the next column

ART TREASURES FOR THE NATION

Millionaire's Generous Gifts

The world has a very great interest in what millionaires do with their money. Some think they should not have had it. But such opinions ought to depend on how the money was gained.

Many American millionaires have left money to establish splendidly useful institutions, mostly for educating young American people.

A fine example has just been set in this country by a Scottish shipowner, Mr. David Currie. He has died worth nearly a million pounds—£996,492 to be exact. And he has left nearly the whole of it to ten hospitals, to South Kensington Museum, and to some Scottish institutions. The gifts to South Kensington Museum are works of art of many kinds, of which the giver was a generous purchaser and a fine judge.

Mr. Donald Currie, the world should not soon forget, saved his money for the general good of his fellow men.

ANOTHER PANAMA CANAL

Making a Way for Giant Dreadnoughts

The American Government is considering the construction of a second canal across the Panama Isthmus. The reason for it is not one that will please humane people, for it is not concerned with the peaceful work of the world.

The huge war-vessels that are now being built for the monster American navy, which is "setting the pace" in warlike preparations, are too wide to pass through the existing Panama Canal, so another costly canal is projected, in the doleful interests of human strife.

FROM OUR POSTBAG

Difficult Problem for the Editor

DEAR MR. MEE, I want to know if you consider it right for my Aunt Helen to steal my C.N. when I am not looking, and to refuse to give it up till nearly dinner-time. I thought it was a *children's* paper.

Please try to think of a way to make aunts leave their nieces' property alone. Yours sincerely, — GENEVIEVE RAND

Mr. Mee much regrets that he cannot make the C.N. dull enough for aunts and uncles to leave it alone, and hopes our young readers will set their elders a great example in patience.

CHECK TO AIR TRAVEL

Passengers Responsible for Damage Done

The new Air Navigation Act, now in force places the responsibility for any damage done to people or property on land or sea on the passengers who hired the aeroplane, unless they can prove that the pilot who risked danger acted without their knowledge or concurrence.

Continued from the previous column

Professor Thomson believes that one amazing puzzle has been solved. Blindfold a bat, and turn it loose in a dark room strung with wires and littered with furniture, and the muffled creature will dart about uninjured, threading its way in and out with never a collision. It seems that the high-pitched cries of the bat, which few human ears can detect, cause air waves, which are echoed back from any obstacle and are heard by the animal, so enabling it to avoid disastrous contact.

There is still much to learn: Professor Thomson but gives us a peep into the enchanted region. He shows us to what evolution has brought us; and he asks us whether we are tending when we see a lizard of Australia rising regularly on its hind legs and trotting upright like a human child.

WOMAN STUDENT'S TRIUMPH

Brilliant Success in the Law Examinations

SAD STORY OF THE FIRST LADY DOCTOR

Slowly but surely women are winning their way to equality with men in many honourable activities. The latest instance is the splendid examination success of Miss Helena Normanton, the first woman to qualify as a student for the bar.

Largely by private study, and without any coaching, Miss Normanton, in a triple examination taken at one time, has gained a first class in Constitutional Law and second classes in Roman and Criminal Law—three fine honours of which any man would be proud. Women may well congratulate her, and men will be equally hearty in their admiration.

At the same time comes sad news of the first Frenchwoman who took a medical degree. Forty-five years ago Madame Madeleine Bres began to practise in Paris as a doctor. She was then 28, and had been married 13 years.

She was successful, and became so well off as to be able to start a hospital for children and be generous to the poor.

Now her husband and all her ten children are dead, and she is 82, blind, and very poor. The women of the world are in honour bound to see that the last years of this notable old lady are made years of comfort and ease.

BRAZIL MAKES AMENDS

Honour for a Dead Emperor

The Republic of Brazil has made amends to Brazil's last emperor, Pedro II, by fetching back from Portugal in state his coffin, and that of the empress, after they had rested for 39 years in the Portuguese Pantheon.

Portugal despatches, and Brazil receives, these sovereigns with a graceful dignity, though both countries are republics. And well may Pedro be honoured. He was a democratic ruler, and popular with his subjects.

It was not dislike of him that led them to ship him away to Europe and change the form of government. Disapproval of his successor was the secret of the change. He did not resist; but a deep sense of the ingratitude of a people over whom he had ruled with diligent kindness for 58 years broke his heart.

All the world will be glad to think of Brazil's act of reconciliation as she takes back the body of her last emperor, who was one of her truest friends.

THE WIND IN THE TUNNEL

Warning to Railway Travellers

A young soldier whose dead body has been found in a railway tunnel is supposed to have been dragged from his compartment by a sudden current of air as he was leaning far out of the window when the train rushed into the tunnel.

If this is right, clearly there is need for the warnings, so common in France, against hanging out of the window.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS

How many children are born in your town in a month and how many people die? It is good for us all to know these things.

Here we give the figures for ten towns for five recent weeks, with the previous year's figures for the same weeks.

TOWN	Births		Deaths	
	1920	1919	1920	1919
London	9380	11934	6165	5461
Glasgow	2794	3230	1710	1343
Liverpool	1960	2362	1415	1154
Manchester	1566	1834	1145	1017
Dublin	835	1039	776	664
Newcastle	710	778	430	371
Edinburgh	666	811	515	458
Nottingham	519	707	364	363
Plymouth	400	517	292	278
Cardiff	398	485	236	215

The five weeks are up to January 1, 1921

CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

EYES AND NO EYES Look About You as You Go A GAME FOR A COUNTRY WALK

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

Do you remember the Boy Scout who solved a mystery not long ago after it had puzzled the police for a whole week?

A man had disappeared from his home and no trace of him could be found. The fact that he had fallen in the canal and been drowned was discovered by Scout Kenneth Rudge, who traced some footprints in the soft mud at the edge of the water. Following them, he was able to look into the canal at the right spot to find the missing body.

Rudge showed himself to have the makings of a good Scout because he was quick to notice small things.

Noticing Small Things

One of the most important things a Scout has to learn, whether he be a war Scout or a hunter or a peace Scout, is to let nothing escape his attention. He must notice small points and make out the meaning of them. It takes a good deal of practice before you can get into the habit of noting everything and letting nothing escape the eye. You can learn this just as well in the town as in the country.

A good Scout considers it a disgrace if an outsider discovers a thing before he himself has seen it, whether the thing is far away or under his feet. In the same way you should notice any strange sound or any peculiar smell, and think for yourself what it may mean.

Unless you learn to notice signs of all kinds you will have very little of this and that to put together, and will be no use as a Scout. It all comes by practice. Let nothing be too small for your notice—a button or a match, a cigar ash, a feather or a leaf, might be of great importance. Lives have been lost or saved through somebody noticing, or not noticing, details such as these.

Keeping a Good Look-Out

Here is one good game that will help you; it is often played by Scouts and Guides when out for walks.

The umpire goes along a certain road or line of country with his Scouts, and carries a scoring card with the name of each Scout on it. Each boy looks out for details and informs the umpire as he sees them. The umpire enters a mark against his name, and that Scout wins who gains most marks in the walk.

Points such as the following can be chosen, but they should be varied. The figures suggest the number of marks.

A match found ... 1 Black cat seen ... 1
A button found ... 1 Sparrow sitting ... 1
Bird's foot-prints ... 2 Ash tree ... 2
Grey horse seen ... 2 Broken window ... 2

In the country you can substitute such things as pheasants, rabbits, and so on. You will find it a jolly and exciting game, and it will help you to be prepared to serve your country.

TRAIN THAT STOPPED Signalman's Last Thought for Others

Richard Adams, a signalman on the Great Central Railway, near Grimsby, has died like a hero at his post. He was found dead in his box from heart failure; but his last act was to put his signals at danger.

This caused the first train that approached to stop, and led to the discovery of the fine act that ended 31 years of faithful service.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Aldebaran ... Al-deb-ah-ran
Hyades ... Hi-a-deez
Nakib ... Nah-keeb
Sideréal ... Si-dee-ree-al

HAPPY CHINAMAN

Ambassador on Our Little Ways

MERRY SPEECH TO SAVAGES

We are fortunate in having a very witty Chinese Ambassador in London. His Excellency has been entertained to dinner by the Savage Club, and he entertained the Savages in a merry speech on some of our little ways.

He could not understand why he had been invited to dine with savages, or why they were savages, but he thought he must let that matter rest; and then the Ambassador gave the Savages this little pleasantry:

I have nothing interesting to tell you, no anecdotes or secret history to extract from my diary. I note that the publication of biographies and diaries has become the fashion. I, too, wish to be in the swim. How interesting it must be to read the comments and praises, as the instalments appear, in the Western and Eastern hemispheres. It must be very pleasing to know how you read these; some amuse you, some abuse you, but all breathe a sigh of relief when the last instalment has appeared, not knowing what otherwise would come next. There is an old saying, "If you don't strike oil you had better stop boring."

WHO IS THE NAKIB?

State Officer in Mesopotamia

The Nakib of Bagdad has been appointed President of the New Council of State in Mesopotamia. Who and what is the Nakib?

This queer title, adding one more to the curious list of names of rulers, is the title of a very important religious personage. The Nakib is the guardian of a famous Mohammedan shrine in Bagdad, venerated not only in Mesopotamia, but in Baluchistan and Afghanistan.

His office is hereditary, and his family is well known and honoured from Bagdad to India.

The present Nakib is a man of piety and learning, and well deserves his high position on personal grounds as well as on account of his wide influence.

It is reported that the work of this Council of State is proceeding satisfactorily and that the country is quietening down. An amnesty has been declared for all persons except in very serious cases, and local regular forces are being organised to take the place of the British forces still out there.

Steps are being taken to appoint Arab administrators, so that eventually the country may pass under Arab control.

TOGO GOES HOME

Story of a Somerset Dog

A Somerset reader tells of the doings of a dog named Togo, which, she thinks, proves that he understood what was said to him. We suggest that what he understood was that his master was back, and he wanted to be with him.

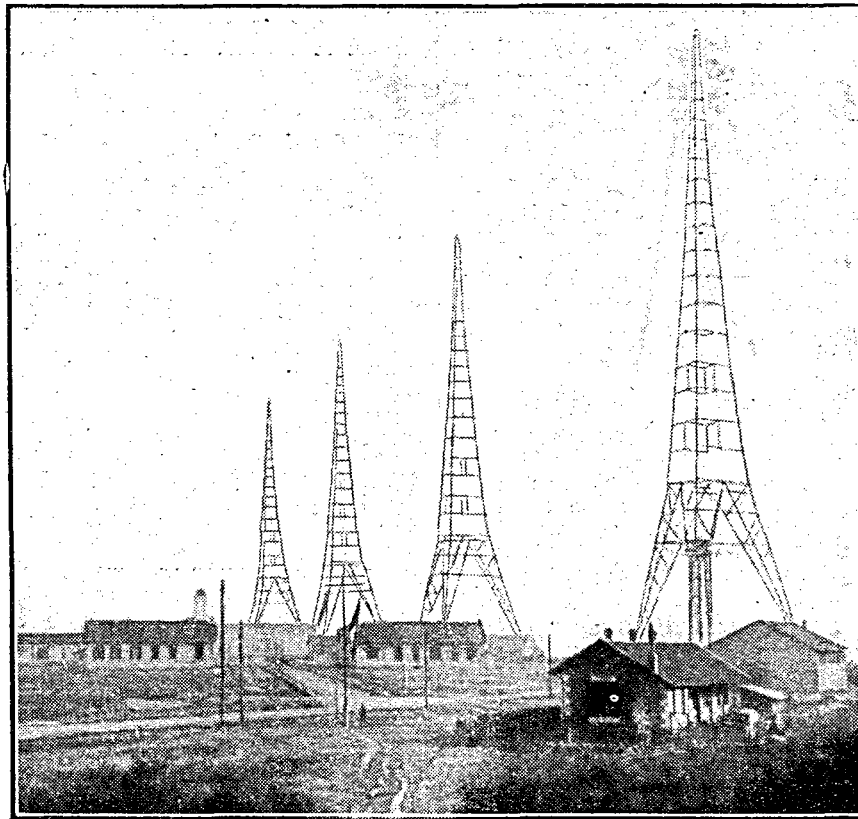
My brother asked me to keep his dog, a spaniel, while he was on his holiday. After he came back he came over for a week-end, and at once asked to see Togo. I took him to the shed where we kept the dog.

When he saw his master he began to jump and bark and fondle my brother, who said to him, "Togo, your mistress misses you very much, and you ought to be at home with her."

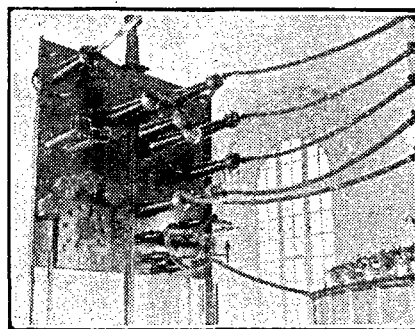
Then we went away and thought no more of the dog till the afternoon, when my brother wanted him.

But he was nowhere to be found. This was on Saturday. When my brother arrived home on Monday there was Togo, who had reached home about 3.30 on Saturday afternoon, a distance of 15 miles, with a long, rambling, and busy town on the way.

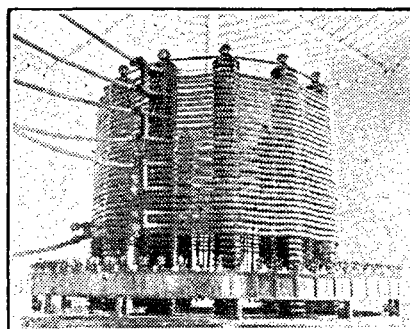
WORLD'S BIGGEST WIRELESS STATION



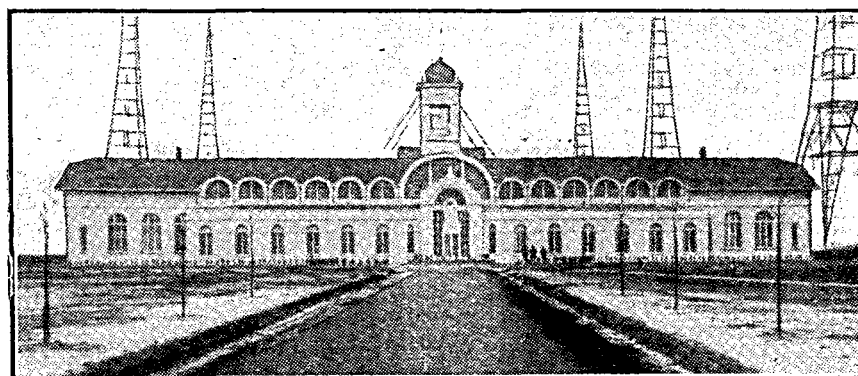
The great masts for receiving the wireless messages



A wave-changing board



The tuning apparatus



A general view of the great wireless station at Bordeaux



A message being sent from land



A message being received on board ship

The world's biggest wireless station, shown in these pictures, is at Bordeaux, and was put up for the use of the American army. After the war the French Government took it over. A still bigger station is being built at Sainte Assise, capable of receiving and transmitting at least two million words a day

DARK MORNINGS IN JANUARY

SHORTEST DAY WHICH IS REALLY THE LONGEST

The Earth's Changing Speeds

STARS OVERTAKE THE SUN

A considerable number of C.N. readers ask why in January, after the shortest day has passed, the mornings grow darker while the afternoons perceptibly lengthen a little.

The day is caused by the earth turning round on its axis so that the sun seems to rise in the east, pass across the sky, and sink into the west. Similarly at night the stars appear to move across the heavens, and if their light were strong enough to throw a shadow we could tell the time by star-dials at night as we do by sun-dials in the day.

There are some stars that never set in England, and if one of these could be watched by day and night it would be found to describe a complete circle in the sky in 86,164 seconds, or 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds. That period is called a sidereal or star day, and is the exact time taken by the earth to make one complete turn on its axis.

Sun Days and Star Days

Now, the time that the sun takes to make a complete apparent journey from noon to noon is considerably more than 86,164 seconds, and the difference between a sun day and a star day is not the same at all periods of the year. In other words, the sun day varies at different seasons, and this is due to the fact that the earth travelling round the sun goes at different speeds at different times of the year.

The sun is not in the centre of the sun's orbit, and as it is nearer the earth in winter than in summer, the earth, being then attracted by it more strongly, moves faster. For convenience in reckoning time by clocks, the differences in the lengths of the solar days are averaged up through the year, and the average difference, which is found to be 236 seconds, is added to the star day, making an average solar day of 86,400 seconds, or 24 hours. This is our civil day, or the day of our daily life.

Sun Lags Behind

If any particular star and the sun could be observed on the meridian at the same moment, the next day the star would be on the meridian nearly four seconds earlier than the sun. The reason for this lagging behind of the sun is that, the stars, being so immensely distant, the earth's journeying through space makes no apparent difference in their position; but the sun's position in relation to the earth is affected considerably because of his nearness.

Now, the solar day, as already explained, varies in length, and, curiously enough, what we call the shortest day, December 21, because it has least daylight, is really almost the longest day, counting from the time the sun is on the meridian to the next time he appears on the meridian.

Gains and Losses of Time

The difference in the lengths of the solar days causes noon to shift with respect to the sun, and as in our latitude the gain in the forenoon, resulting from the earlier rising of the sun, is less than the loss from the shifting of the solar time of noon, the forenoons get shorter just after the "shortest" day has passed, although the time between sunrise and sunset is actually increasing.

The result is that for a week or so we get darker mornings and lighter evenings. The difference in length between forenoon—that is, the twelve hours ending at midday—and the afternoon—that is, the twelve hours ending at midnight—is sometimes as much as half an hour. Of course, our clocks, marking the mean, or average, solar day, set right the differences over the course of the year.

CONQUEST OF THE AIR

FARMING AND FISHING BY AEROPLANE

What the Flying Men are Doing
•All Over the World

AN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE AIR RACE

All over the world, north, south, east, and west, aircraft is being used for an amazing variety of purposes.

In a week or two's time aeroplanes and airships will set out for the Newfoundland coast to watch the ice floating down from northern waters, and to warn the sealing fleets by wireless of the whereabouts of ice-floes carrying herds of young seals.

Formerly the ships had to set out and chance finding the seals, and they often returned to their bases without having made a catch, owing to the uncertainty of drifts and currents. This year it is hoped that the aircraft's wide range of vision will enable the sealing fleets to go straight to the spots where the herds of seals may be found, and not only save valuable time but insure a good haul.

This is only one of the many everyday uses to which aircraft is now being put. Passenger and goods services are regular features of daily life in three continents, and at the present time there are 6000 miles of organised air routes in Europe.

Queer Aerial Cargoes

On the London-Paris route many quaint cargoes have been carried, including pigs, canaries, bread, mince-pies, motor-cycles, a piano, clothing of all kinds, jewellery, and machinery. Imports and exports by air have been very much on the increase in the last year, and in one month recently £96,000 worth of goods were brought from the Continent by this means.

A well-known business man in London wished to give some instructions to an employee on the way to Paris, and was able to speak to him by wireless telephone. Another Londoner had urgent business at a branch establishment in Madrid one day, and so went by aeroplane and covered the 900 miles between the two capitals in a non-stop flight lasting less than eight hours, as against two or three days by rail and sea.

To the Poles by Air

Aeroplanes have been extensively used for surveying in many parts of the world, and in this direction aerial photography has been of the greatest value. That the machines will play their part in exploration is proved by the fact that the latest Antarctic expedition is fitted out with an aeroplane specially designed for work amid snow and ice, and the Americans are also considering an Arctic aerial expedition.

In Canada aeroplanes have been used to search out land suitable for ranching and mixed farming; while both in the United States and in Canada there are many aerial patrols whose duty it is to watch for and report forest fires. In Africa and in Canada attempts have been made to cause rain, in the one case by dropping sand, and in the other by spraying liquid air upon the clouds from above, but so far these experiments have proved fruitless.

Great Peace Weapon

A South American banker, having business at many branches throughout Uruguay and Brazil, made a tour by aeroplane, and completed his work in ten days as against the three or four weeks necessary when he travelled by ordinary means.

The conquest of the air, it is clear, has been for the good of man in peace and not solely for his use in war, and the fact that it is proposed to hold an annual Oxford and Cambridge air race is only another reminder that aviation has now taken its place among the regular activities and occupations of national life everywhere.

See World Map

BRITISH ROADS

MILLIONS TO BE SPENT ON THEM

The Days When We Had No
Highways Throughout the Land

"IMPENETRABLE LANCASHIRE"

About forty million pounds is to be spent on improving and extending roads in Great Britain, and Sir Eric Geddes declares that this is the greatest advance in road-making since the days of the Romans. Eight millions are being raised from users of the roads, and the rest is to be found by local authorities all over the country. The unemployed are to be engaged on the work.

England has had at different times the proud reputation and the crying disgrace of having the best roads in the world and the worst. For centuries after the departure of the Romans, when their splendid highways were allowed to go to ruin, the country had practically no roads at all.

Queen on a Pillion

The first necessity of a civilised people after they possess land is a system of roads to make possible the use of the land and for inter-communication. Without roads each village is an isolated community; and, as an instance of what this means, Camden, the historian, writing at the beginning of the 17th century, speaks of Lancashire as an impenetrable country and its people as a half-savage race, whom he looks forward to approaching with dread. Yet, he boldly declares, he "shall run the hazard of the attempt."

The condition of our English roads down to the middle of the 18th century is almost unbelievable. In summer and winter alike they were morasses, and in many places were impassable except in spring and summer. Everybody travelled on horseback, and the first coach to be seen in England was imported by Queen Elizabeth, who before that time, when visiting the City of London, travelled on a pillion behind her Lord Chancellor.

Highwayman Judge

Her wonderful coach was less comfortable than a modern farm wagon, and at an audience given to the French Ambassador in 1568 she described to him the aching pains she was suffering in consequence of having been knocked about in her coach.

Then the roads were for centuries infested by highwaymen. A Lord Chief Justice of Elizabeth's reign had actually been a highwayman himself before he took up the profession of the law; it was even said that he continued the practice after being called to the Bar.

One of the first laws relating to highways directed that all bushes and trees along the roads leading from market to market should be cut down for 200 feet on each side, "to prevent robbers lurking therein."

When vehicles became more common all sorts of laws were passed about their size and weight and the shape of their wheels, together with the number of horses allowed to pull them, but no one seems to have thought much about improving the roads themselves.

Hard Travelling for Kings.

So bad were these that travellers, to journey in comfort, used to avoid the roads and trespass on private lands, and it is said the fines for trespassing in one district alone far exceeded the sum it would have cost to make a proper road, and thus render trespassing unnecessary.

In 1703, when the King of Spain came to England, his coach had to be supported on each side through Sussex by gangs of yokels to prevent its capsizing in the ruts, which were often four feet deep, and the last nine miles of his journey took six hours.

Things were no better half a century later when Arthur Young used to find lines of waggons stuck in the mud, waiting till 20 or 30 horses could be lashed together to drag them out one

Continued in the next column

THREE FOOLISH DOGS

And a Wise One

FIGHT WITH SNAKES IN AUSTRALIA

Most dogs in the Australian bush have the instinct to keep clear of the deadly black-and-brown snake that lurks in marshes and thick bush.

But three dogs at Wangaratta, in Victoria, the other day, must have forgotten the inherited sagacity of their race. The penalty they paid was a heavy one, for all three are now dead.

Two brown snakes were sunning themselves on a path when the dogs came along. A fourth dog—a kangaroo dog—who, luckily for himself, was wise enough to keep out of the affair, accompanied them.

What followed was told by two boys who were eye-witnesses.

As soon as the dogs saw the snakes they flew at them, attacking them fiercely. The snakes retaliated, and their poisoned fangs bit deeply into the mouths and legs of the dogs, until the poor animals sank to the ground in their death agony. The snakes had been torn to pieces, but they did not die alone; snakes and dogs all perished together, and the two boys, loading their cart with three dead dogs and two dead snakes, made their way home, the wise old greyhound who had given the deadly snakes a wide berth following.

THE NOTES IN THE FIRE

A Widow's Good Fortune

Some weeks ago we gave an account of how a bundle of Treasury notes, used by accident to light a fire, did not burn, and were rescued as if by a miracle.

Not unlike that happy ending is the experience of a Derbyshire widow at Middleton-by-Worksworth. Her bedroom caught fire, and her clothes were involved in the blaze. In them were £50 worth of Treasury notes.

The fire in the bedroom was extinguished, and the burned clothes were bundled outside, drenched with water. On raking over the heap afterwards the bundle of notes was found, tightly wrapped together, saturated by the water, but otherwise undamaged.

Treasury notes under threat from fire seem to be having an extraordinary run of good fortune!

RHINE RUNS AWAY

River Bed a Series of Pools

The water in the River Rhine has been lower this winter than any time during the last 120 years. River traffic has been stopped, and the bed has held a series of pools from which fish could be taken by hand.

The cause has been the freezing of the river's supplies high up the mountain streams, and the small rainfall on the lower hills that feed the river.

The river itself, though its stream is swift, has been frozen, and the Schaffhausen Falls have been a mass of ice.

Continued from the previous column

after another. No wonder pack-horses carried most of the goods from town to town. They journeyed in gangs of thirty or forty, the leader wearing bells to direct the others in the darkness and to warn teams coming in the opposite direction, for the roads were so narrow that often the animals could not pass.

It was the Turnpike Acts which provided funds for the improvement of the roads, and we owe our magnificent roads of today to two great engineers, Telford and McAdam, who lived at the same time, and, finding England such as has been described, left it with the best highways in the world.

Now the coming of the motor-lorry and charabanc has necessitated the widening and extension of the roads, and it is for this purpose that the forty million pounds is to be expended.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

PRINCE WHO LOST HIS FRIENDS

Artist Becomes a Reformer

MAN WHO BROUGHT BACK THE KING

Jan. 30. Charles Bradlaugh died in London . 1891
31. The Young Pretender died in Rome . . . 1788
Feb. 1. George Cruikshank died in London . 1878
2. Gold Coast ceded to Britain 1872
3. General Monk entered London 1660
4. Thomas Carlyle died at Chelsea 1881
5. Robert Peel born at Bury 1788

The Young Pretender

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, grandson of James II, who landed in Scotland in 1745 and claimed the throne of England for his father, the Old Pretender, is one of the unworthy heroes of romance.

His claims to the good will of men were, in early life, charming manners and an adventurous disposition; but he was weak in character, and he lost his friends when he became a drunkard.

The landing in Scotland was a bold stroke which has won much admiration. It roused the Highlanders, with whose support, he won the battle of Prestonpans and then advanced southward as far as Derby; but, owing to desertions, he was obliged to retreat back to Scotland. Then he won a second victory at Falkirk, but was completely routed at Culloden on April 16, 1746.

For five months he was a fugitive in hiding, with a reward of £30,000 offered for his capture; but he escaped to France.

His later life on the Continent showed he was as unfit to occupy a throne as the German kings of England whom he tried to supplant.

George Cruikshank

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK was one of the most brilliant and industrious of black-and-white English artists.

His father and elder brother were artists and etchers, and George took up the work at home as a youth. He never had a school-of-art training. Before he was twenty his work was sought for, first for satirical and humorous papers, and then for book illustrations.

Some of the novels of Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth, and Charles Lever were illustrated by him. His first work of all was done on a translation of the German writer Grimm.

Later, Cruikshank became an ardent temperance reformer, and exposed in his sketches the evils of drunkenness. Towards the end of his life he painted pictures, but was less successful with the brush than with the pen.

Cruikshank's drawings date from a time when the pencil was used to depict character with a relentless freedom, but his aim, even when he was most severe, was to secure a high moral effect, so that he ranks among thoughtful reformers.

General Monk

GEORGE MONK (or Monck), who became Duke of Albemarle, was the soldier who brought about the restoration of Charles II. to the British throne.

He was a fine soldier, second, probably, to no man of his day. He saw active service on the Continent and in all parts of the United Kingdom, first as a Royalist, and then on the Parliamentary side in Ireland and Scotland.

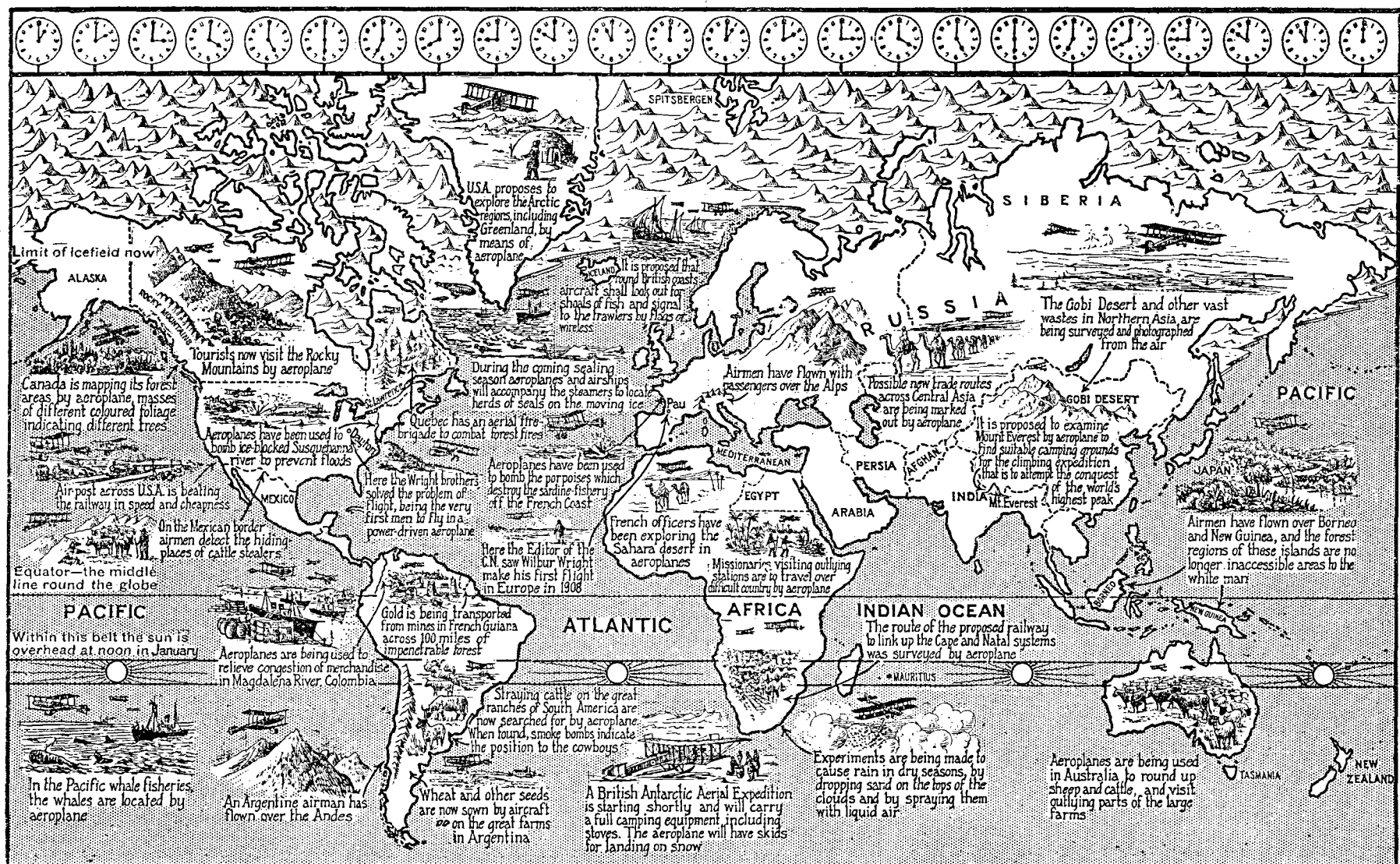
He was a moderate man, strong, cautious, and silent, and his real thoughts were not often disclosed.

Cromwell believed in him and thought highly of him as a soldier, and he was loyal to the great Protector, though probably his personal leanings were towards the Royalist side.

After Cromwell's death, when the country was in a confused state, Monk marched his soldiers from Scotland to London, and insisted that a genuine parliament should be summoned, but he did this knowing such a parliament would invite Charles II. to be king.

Charles made him the chief commander of both army and navy, and at sea he won victories over the Dutch.

PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING HOW THE AIRMEN ARE HELPING THE WORLD



IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN COOK

The Board on the Lonely Rock

When the Prince of Wales was visiting the Sandwich Islands, where Captain Cook was murdered, his party took photographs of the spot, and what they found is told in the Geographical Journal.

Formerly, near the spot, a stump of a coconut palm bore three inscriptions on copper plates, but they have been removed and cannot be traced.

But the event is not without its record near the fatal spot. About two miles away, on a rocky headland, is a cairn of lava boulders, and on the top of it is a pole, nine feet high, to which a board is attached bearing a copper plate, 95 years old, with this notice:

In memory of Captain James Cook, R.N., who discovered these islands in the year of our Lord 1778, this humble monument is erected by his fellow countrymen, in the year of our Lord 1825.

GREAT CITY'S TRAFFIC

How New York is Growing

America is a great country, and our cousins there delight in talking in millions. Here are a few interesting figures concerning traffic in New York.

The number of passengers carried this year on the underground and elevated railways and on the street cars of New York City is 2400 millions, more than half as many again as were carried ten years ago. At present the city has 616 miles of single track subway, and no fewer than 34 tunnels beneath the waters.

To cope with this enormous increase it is estimated that during the next 25 years a sum of £70,000,000 will have to be spent on new railroads.

By 1995 our grandchildren will no doubt learn by their private wireless news services that New York's transport system has conveyed during that year no fewer than 9000 million passengers.

SHOULD WAGES GO BY FAMILIES?

Australia Tackling the Problem

Australia is having difficulties—like the rest of the civilised world—in settling a right rate of wages, and it seems to be moving in the direction of wages being paid according to the wants of families.

Thus, a bachelor, needing less money, would be paid less per day than a married man, and a married man would be paid at an increasing rate according to the number of children he had.

The question is not settled. The difficulty is that if varying wages were paid for the same work, the man entitled to the lowest wages would get the work; and the married man, with the greatest needs, would be the first to lose employment and the last to regain it.

We mention this discussion here to show how unsettling the wage question is.

HONOURS BY POST

Over Six Thousand Letters Unanswered

Owing to the large number of titles and decorations that have lately been awarded it has been impossible for the King personally to present them all, and it has been necessary to distribute thousands by post.

In all such cases a letter has been sent to the recipients asking whether they would rather have the insignia from their lord-lieutenant or through the post, and it is now officially stated that over six thousand people have not taken the trouble to answer this letter.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Two panels of Brussels tapestry . . . £1785
A pair of Chinese vases . . . £1155
Lord Byron's toilet table . . . £283
A Chippendale mirror . . . £205
A 17th century suit of armour . . . £110
Napoleon's copy of Ovid's works . . . £105
First edition of a poem by Byron . . . £68

CHIEF SCOUT FOR WALES

Prince's Great Appeal for the Boy Scout Movement

The Prince of Wales is the Chief Scout for Wales, and he is proving himself a champion Scout indeed by trying to collect a fund of £200,000 to set the splendid Boy Scouts Association, once for all, firmly on its feet.

The Prince thinks that the possibilities of the Scout movement, both at home and overseas, are very great, and with him everybody who knows anything of the movement will agree.

There should not be the least fear of raising the money, and doubling the numbers of the Scouts, which is another object on which the Chief Scout for Wales has set his heart. He is further doing his share by receiving the donations. All readers of the C.N. will, we feel sure, heartily support the Prince's appeal. Subscriptions should be sent to him direct to St. James's Palace, London, S.W. *Picture on page 7*

BRITISH GOODS ARE BEST

Tracking Down the False Pretenders

British towns that are the envy of the world for their good work continue to be robbed of their reputation by dishonest foreign manufacturers, who sometimes sell their goods in England with a pirated English name on them.

Not only are Sheffield cutlery and Northampton boots stamped abroad on wares or goods that have not been made in Sheffield or in Northampton, but the names of well-known firms are used as well as the name of the place.

It is difficult to track down these robbers of reputation, but the whole country should join in the hue-and-cry, and particularly all British salesmen who handle the deceitful goods should make it a point of honour to assist in detecting roguery that is designed to injure, not only particular firms or towns, but the country as a whole.

FRANCE CHANGES HER RULERS

The British and the French Way

Every free country invents its own way of governing itself, and no two of these ways are quite alike.

The American Republic has its own way, which most British people do not really understand. And the French have their way, which would never do for us. We like a government to be firm and strong, or to give way to another government that will be firm and strong, so that we know where we are. Not so the French. They do not mind how often the Government is changed.

It has just been changed again, and in a few months may be changed once more. But the real mind of the country does not change.

The French are quite satisfied with that way, and, indeed, are interested in it. But it is not easy for other countries working in close accord with the French to be constantly starting again with new men as their comrades.

THE WONDERFUL BIRD

Amusing Story of a British Scientist

A missionary from Central Africa, the Rev. J. Roscoe, is telling how he traced to its source a story of an extraordinary bird which the natives believed was the Great Spirit come in the form of a bird to fetch them. The story was started by a medicine man, who, apparently, did not want to be fetched, for he carefully hid himself. The bird was great in size, and made a great noise.

The bird, in fact, was the aeroplane that carried Dr. Chalmers Mitchell over Africa, and Dr. Mitchell took the chair for Mr. Roscoe while the missionary told the story of the apparition that seemed so wonderful to the men of the African forests.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 29 1921

Is This Thing Right?

A well-known author writes: The Great War has made men tired of thinking, and the masses of men will follow any talker.

WE came across a word the other day that was new to us; it is not to be found in the dictionary of any language, and yet it has a great significance.

It is Chaksper, and it is the first appearance of our English Shakespeare's name in French literature, where it appeared a century after the poet's death. There is a reference to Shakees Pear in a French journal of about the same date, but it is safe to say that Chaksper conveyed no more idea to the French nation early in the 18th century than it does to us now. *He was unknown.*

The mightiest name in the literature of the world was unknown to the French nation a hundred years after it had been carved on a stone in the church of Stratford-on-Avon.

This is worth our reflection. We are all apt to think in crowds, to think as other people are thinking. It does not occur to us that true thinking should bear the mark of individual character.

We are particular that our acts should be right, but careless as to whether our opinions have their foundations fastened in truth. But it is of the highest importance that we should exercise care in arriving at our opinions.

Nothing is so easy as to think wrong, and we may let this overwhelming example of Chaksper stand for all time as a warning. How was it that the whole world did not instantly recognise Hamlet as a greater work than Arcadia? How was it possible that the ridiculous tales of Lyly, Lodge, and Riche should have held their place for a moment after the appearance of Lear and Macbeth? To ask this question is to see the dangers of thinking with the crowd.

If Shakespeare was hundreds of years in conquering the world, how difficult must it be for Truth to make its way!

This danger of crowd-thinking is very great just now. The strain of the Great War has left mankind almost too tired to think, with the appalling consequence that vast masses of people will follow anyone who offers to do their thinking for them.

Much that is sacred and necessary for all may be swept away in a mass movement of unthinking people pressing at the heels of a reckless talker. Our safety lies in right thinking, and right thinking must be honest and brave.

"Is this thing right?" is a question each one must address to his own conscience. It is our responsibility as reasoning creatures; and if Conscience says No, then it lies on us to oppose that thing even to the death.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Duke of Wellington's Landlady

Is not this a story worth recalling, sent to us by a correspondent who has just been reading of Waterloo?

The Duke of Wellington on the night before the Battle of Waterloo slept in a little inn close to the field of battle, and on waking in the morning he found his landlady in tears.

The poor Frenchwoman was terribly afraid of what would happen to her, and not only to her, but to her property. There was to be a battle, she was certain of that, and how was her little inn to escape destruction? Even if she herself were not killed, even if she escaped a terrible wound, was it not certain that her house would be blown to bits and all her property destroyed?

The Duke had time to comfort this poor woman. She herself tells the story.

He patted her shoulder, she said, and, bending down to her, uttered these words: "I am answerable for everything. No one shall suffer today among the French except the soldiers."

He kept his word. The landlady was making omelettes for visitors to the battlefield long after the soldiers had gone away for a hundred years.



Mr. High Price Comes Slowly Down

One View of Us

ODD things you hear in trains. We heard somebody the other day who would stop all newspapers.

Quite evidently he was not very fond of us all. Some people are not. The beautiful Charles the Second did not like the newspaper because "it makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors," and also because it "gives them not only an itch, but a kind of colourable right, to be meddling with the Government."

How jolly it sounds today! We are familiar with the actions of our unlamented superior, His Majesty Charles the Second, but we refrain from exercising our colourable right to say what we think of him.

Go an inch towards temptation and it will leap a yard toward you.

Not in the Treaty

WE still believe that some great gift to the universal peace of the world will come from America, and those who hope it will be so may gather strength from a remark of the new President at a gathering of his church.

There can be no happy relations between the nations, said Mr. Harding, without a fundamental recognition of God; and one of the things he did not like in the Treaty of Versailles was that the name of God does not appear in it.

The world will not go far astray if it trusts to a spirit like that in all our human affairs.

Tip-Cat

COLONEL TATTON finds that people work better in an atmosphere of music. The frequent change of air is so bracing.

PRUSSIA is sending hundreds of millions of marks to the Kaiser. That is one of the necessary expenses that make it impossible to pay the indemnity to France.

WE used to get half fare on the railway. Now we get it in the restaurants.

Is it true that when they speak of ex-presidents in Mexico the ex is short for extinct?

LORD INCHCAPE tells us "the German liners were not a patch on ours." Ours are not patched—they would not have been matchless if they had not been patchless.

THE optimist can always see the bright side of his friend's misfortunes.

SPEAKING of the dye trade, a contemporary laments that we have a long way to go. Well, well, never say die.

RECOGNITION by the Allies has been fatal to every Russian leader so far. Why not try it on Lenin?

GREAT surprise is expressed that in Buffalo you need a doctor's prescription to buy a load of coal. But surely it is all right. Coal is the universal remedy for chills.

What We Do Not Expect

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is kind enough to assure us that we are not expecting a Great War this year. We are glad to know it, but we should be much more glad to know that we might expect a Great Peace.

Cromwell's Mother's Prayer

As Oliver Cromwell's mother lay dying, 94 years old, she gave her son this blessing:

The Lord cause His face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of your Most High God, and to be a relief unto His people.

My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. A good-night.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If poker work is a
winter pastime

Rover of Wensleydale

HERE's an old dog for you!
See how he lies,
Head on his paws, with the
Lids o'er his eyes,
Twitching his flanks a bit
Dreaming of flies.

WISER than any old
Dog in the dale,
There he lies almost as
Dead as a nail,
Little chicks picking for
Corn in his tail.

CHILDREN come up to him
Free from all fears,
Stroke his old head and catch
Hold of his ears,
Tugging his coat, which is
Thick as a bear's.

NEVER you hear him bark,
Never he growls,
Friend to all children and
Pigs, ducks, and fowls.
Never a moon that shines
Wakens his howls.

BUT at a word from his
Master he's up,
Turns a ram quick as light,
Fetches a tup;
Wise as a man and as
Sweet as a pup. H. B.

Make a Note of It

Lately there has been a deluge of diaries. Famous people have taken to selling publishers these private records of their private lives.

If they had something to tell us which was memorable and ennobling we should be very grateful to them; but most of these books contain nothing of that kind.

But one thing we learn from them—the forgetfulness of people for what is good.

These writers have met all the great people of the world—statesmen, scholars, authors, soldiers, and ambassadors; and they must have heard many noble discussions about the subjects which eternally interest the human mind; and yet in these books there is nothing of that. It is forgotten.

But what is remembered? A pun, a witty retort, an exhibition of vanity, something trivial. After all these years that is what remains!

It would be a useful thing if all of us wrote down the conversations which interest us keenly. No records could be more pleasing to us in after years. We shall remember well enough what our friends wore and how they did their hair, but without a record made soon afterwards we are likely to forget every rich word they spoke.

Imagine the book that might have been written by one who had preserved conversations with Gladstone, Tennyson, Florence Nightingale, General Gordon, David Livingstone, and John Ruskin! It would be one of the wonder books of the world.

This is something really worth thinking about—the ease with which memory forgets what is memorable and the ease with which it remembers what is not memorable. The best aid to memory is a written record, and in making it we not only keep alive what is good, but we develop our minds.

A WAR TO END WAR GREAT BATTLE WITH ANIMAL DISEASE Peril that Must be Stamped Out THE MYSTERY SHIPS AT SEA

The animals of Europe are suffering from a terrible plague at the present time, and this having spread in some mysterious way to England, the British Government is making a great effort to fight the plague and stamp it out. In fact, it is a kind of war to end war that is going on—a war of British science against the plague that makes war on the welfare of man and beast.

A number of obsolete battleships are now at sea, each fitted up with complete laboratories and carrying staffs of scientists who are investigating the plague and trying to find a remedy.

The disease in question is known as foot and mouth disease, and it is one of the most virulent complaints from which cattle, sheep, and pigs suffer. Its true nature is a mystery, although it is known to be due to a virus, or poison.

Animals in Danger

While cattle, sheep, pigs, and goats are the animals most susceptible to the disease, horses, dogs, cats, and even human beings sometimes catch it.

An animal when it is affected gets dull and its temperature rises. Then it suddenly becomes lame, and often saliva flows from its mouth, while blisters appear on the mouth, feet, and other parts. The ground becomes infected, so that other animals moving to the same place in turn become ill.

While many animals suffering from foot and mouth disease recover, thousands die and others have to be killed, and the loss owing to this and to failure of the milk supply and general deterioration is enormous. The Government, in its effort to stamp out the disease, often orders the slaughter of affected animals, but full compensation is paid to the owners. All suspicious cases have to be reported.

Plague Carried by Wind and Water

The disease has been known on the Continent of Europe since the 18th century, and it first made its appearance in England in 1839. From 1869 to 1872, during a particularly bad outbreak, over three million animals suffered in Great Britain, while in another outbreak during 1883 the loss in England alone was more than a million pounds.

Of course, the disease is spread from animal to animal. It is also carried for considerable distances on foodstuffs and by the waters of streams which have become contaminated. Then, by carrying infected dust and straws, the wind spreads it for miles. Roads travelled by sick animals and vehicles in which they have been placed, and even the clothes of men who have driven or tended the beasts, all become spreaders of the disease.

Good Use for Warships

How it gets to England from the Continent is a great mystery, seeing that such great care is taken to keep it out. Many explanations have been suggested. Some experts think that birds on migration carry the virus in infected soil on their claws; others believe the strong winds blow infected dust across the seas.

Whatever is the true nature of the disease, and however it may be spread, it is, in these days of scarcity, a positive menace, and all are agreed that it must be fought till it is exterminated. That is what the wise men on the mystery ships at sea are trying to do, and by working thus miles from land they have no fear of spreading the plague in the course of their experiments. If they find some way of stamping out foot and mouth disease they will certainly have put warships to one of the very best uses to which they have ever been put.

SHIPS THAT DID NOT PASS IN THE NIGHT

PROBABLY not since the days of the Armada, when the English fire-ships broke loose among the mighty fleet of Spain, has there been witnessed such a scene as that which took place on the Thames outside the West India Dock the other evening.

A thick fog lay low on the river when a cable ship, the George Ward, suddenly found itself confronted by the Horley, a ship of about 2000 tons. There was no possibility of avoiding a collision, and the two ships met, bow to bow. No sooner had they drawn apart when a third ship, following in the wake of the cable ship, also struck the Horley, and, swung round by the impact, cannoned into the George Ward.

This was bad enough, but worse still was to follow. Almost immediately a fourth ship loomed up out of the mist, making straight for the already crippled

Horley, and in a trice her propellers had given the Horley its death-blow, ripping the bottom clean out of her, so that she settled down, filled, and began to sink.

The state of mind of the people on board the Horley when two further vessels became involved in the mix-up may be imagined. Some of them were about to leap overboard when a steam tug came alongside and rescued them just as their ship took the final plunge.

Six vessels were thus huddled together in hopeless confusion. The whole thing must have been like one of the scenes in Dante's Inferno. Bells, sirens, and signals added to the clamour which, strangely enough, hardly a soul inside the dock seemed to have heard.

All that can now be seen of the Horley is the bridge and part of the funnel, at low water. When the tide is full not a trace of her remains.

THE PRINCE TAKES HIS MORNING RIDE



The Prince of Wales, who is asking for £200,000 to put the Boy Scout movement on a firm footing, is very fond of all manly recreations, and here we see him clearing a high fence in fine style. See page five

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Roses have been blooming in the open in Surrey.

There are now in the whole world 154,200,000 spindles for spinning cotton, of which sixty millions are in Lancashire.

British Money in the Channel Islands

Alderney has decided to adopt the British coinage in place of the French which it has been using.

Clothes of Mankind

The Agent-General for Tasmania has been telling the Royal Society of Arts that of the world's population of 1600 millions one-half are still only partly clothed, and 250 millions wear no clothes.

The G.P.O. Again

A London firm having changed its name, the Post Office demanded a fee of £4 on one of their lines, as if it were a new subscriber. For the sake of peace the money was paid, but the Post-Office has returned it at last.

At twenty stations lifeboats are now being launched by agricultural tractors.

Joseph Bery, an Indian Mutiny veteran, who has just died aged 92, never wore an overcoat.

Tiger's Bag of Tigers

M. Clemenceau, who is nicknamed the Tiger by his countrymen, has been hunting in India, and has bagged two full-grown tigers.

Safety First

In 1920 the London General Omnibus Company's motor-buses ran a hundred million miles, and fatal accidents were one for every million and a quarter miles.

The Homesick Pigeon

An airman of the R34 tells how a homing pigeon carried on that airship when it crossed the Atlantic tried to fly home after landing in America, and after covering 800 miles fell exhausted on a steamer's deck.

WHERE HAVE THE FISH COME FROM? WONDER OF A NEW SEA Queer Tale of Life in the Dead Sea of America

PELICANS FOUND AN INDUSTRY

A wonderful thing has happened in Colorado, that strange land of natural wonders. In the middle of the great American desert is a vast area lying below the level of the sea, and up to a few years ago nothing grew in it but cactus and other desert plants.

Then the American engineers began to irrigate the valley; but before they had done much in this way the Colorado River, from which they drew their water, burst through the dam and poured into the valley, washing away a railway, with a factory and parts of several towns, and making a great inland sea 45 miles long and 15 miles wide.

Where there had formerly been nothing but desert and salt deposits there suddenly appeared this mass of water, and soon vast numbers of pelicans arrived and began nesting on the few islands that peeped up out of the sea.

Did the Pelicans Bring Them?

But now a greater wonder than ever is reported, for the Salton Sea, which had no life at all in its waters, teems with fish, and the question exercising American scientists is, Where did the fish come from, and how did they get there?

The sea is salt, and is often called the Dead Sea of America, and as there is heavy evaporation it should be getting saltier, though certain small streams from the rivers still run into it. But the marvel is that this salt sea should suddenly become stocked with mullet and carp and other fresh-water fish, and that they should thrive in it.

It has been suggested that the fish were carried into the sea by the Colorado River when it burst through the dam, but many years passed before the fish appeared, so that that explanation is not satisfactory. The theory now favoured by scientists is that the pelicans brought the fish in their great pouches.

Catching the Mystery Fish

These birds hover over water containing fish, and then, when they see a shoal, they suddenly swoop down and take an enormous mouthful, keeping the fish in the bag till required for use.

These birds breed in thousands on the islands, and the theory is that many of the vast quantities of fish carried thither by the pelicans for their young were let loose in the Salton Sea, where they multiplied rapidly.

Already a fishing industry has been organised, the mullet being sold for the table in San Francisco, and other kinds of fish being used for the extraction of oil and the manufacture of fertilisers. The mullet are also canned, and as they are large they are in great demand.

Some of the fish caught weigh as much as 18 pounds, and yield about a quart of oil suitable for cooking purposes.

Changing Coast-Line

One difficulty that the fishermen have to contend with is the fluctuation of the coast-line, as the sea shrinks and fills up again at different seasons.

Another curious feature of this wonderful sea is that not only may the fish have been mysteriously imported by the pelicans, but their very food has also been introduced from a distance. Mullet are vegetarians, their diet being a certain species of grass, and this grass, which did not grow near the sea in past years, made its appearance on the shores as suddenly and mysteriously as the fish in the waters. Scientists believe that the grass was introduced by birds carrying the seeds.

So important is this new fishing industry considered, and such an asset is it to the State, that the authorities are trying to keep the Salton Sea supplied with water from the Colorado River, so that it may never dry up.

BOOKING SCHOOLS FOR BABIES

CHOOSING A PLACE TEN
YEARS AHEAD

Eton College Full Up Till 1930
QUEUES OF WAITING INFANTS

It has just been announced that Eton College is full up till 1930, and other public schools, together with some of the more important secondary schools, are booking pupils eight or ten years ahead.

This means that directly a child is born, its parents, if they want it to have a good education, must begin looking out for a school and put its name down on the list while it is still an infant. In other words, babies nowadays have practically to wait in a queue all through their infancy to get into a good school when they grow up to be boys and girls.

What a change the war has wrought in our views of education! Up to August 1914, hundreds of good schools all over the country had to advertise regularly in order to secure pupils. Now would-be pupils or their parents have to advertise in order to secure schools. As a nation we have evidently awakened to the fact that education is one of the most important things in life.

The Bad Old Days

If boys and girls are not properly trained they cannot grow up to be useful men and women, and even the poorest parents now realise this.

In the bad old days the school attendance officer had to go about forcing parents to send their children to school. Every attempt was made to evade the law, and all kinds of reasons and excuses were given for non-attendance. Generally poverty was the chief difficulty.

Workpeople were underpaid, and they were only too ready to allow their children to earn a few coppers or shillings whenever possible. Now, with higher wages, there is not the same need for the children to earn.

In a higher social circle any slight indisposition was regarded as sufficient excuse for keeping a child at home.

Rebellion of Scholars

School is, of course, vastly different from what it was in the old days. The brutality and flogging have disappeared, and yet the discipline was never better. We do not hear now of big school rebellions such as happened at Winchester College in 1793. Objecting to some ruling of a master, the boys seized the keys of the college gates, donned red caps, received the offending master with hisses and a shower of marbles, and finally locked the masters out.

The shops of bakers and butchers had previously been ransacked for provisions, and a stock of bludgeons and swords provided. The quadrangle was then unpaved and the stones carried to the top of the tower to provide ammunition in case of attack.

When summoned to surrender the boys threatened to burn the college, and three companies of militia had to be brought to the scene. At last the boys were induced to surrender on promise of an amnesty. The attendance at this great public school in the middle of last century dropped so low that there were only 65 pupils.

Slide in a Dormitory

How different is the lot of the public schoolboy today from what it was a hundred years ago, when little boys were taken out of bed in the middle of winter nights to have cold water poured down their backs to harden them. The small boys were compelled by the seniors to get into their beds for a time to warm them, and often on a bitter night a junior had to warm three or four beds for seniors in succession.

At Westminster School in winter the small boys had to get out of bed on frosty nights and pour water on the dormitory floor so that there might be a slide for the seniors in the morning.

Sir Conan Doyle at Humbug Scrub THE BELLCHAMBERS NATURE SANCTUARY How the C.N. Monthly Sent the Creator of Sherlock Holmes to See the Wallabies PLEA FOR THE WILD LIFE OF A CONTINENT

There is good news from our old friend Thomas Paine Bellchambers, the lonely Australian naturalist of Humbug Scrub, near Adelaide.

It is now six months since the C.N. Monthly told the story of Mr. Bellchambers and his wondrous work among the wild life of his sanctuary; and a correspondent writes to us of the new interest Australia is now taking in this simple Englishman, whose furred and feathered friends come to him at call. "The fine article in My Magazine," we are told, "has done good work in awakening a keen interest in saving our fauna from its threatened fate, and has given the people a keener appreciation of Mr. Bellchambers and his work."

A Famous Visitor

It even seems as if there might be danger in the popularity My Magazine has brought to this quiet place, for some of the visitors, not stirred by love of nature, are out of harmony with the quiet peace of the sanctuary, and disturb and frighten the wild creatures there. Even the motor-car has invaded these lonely haunts since our article appeared, and some of the cars are filled with people rather out of place. Mr. Bellchambers is delighted to find, however, that the majority of his visitors are of the right kind, and one visitor he has had of late of whom he was very proud—as proud as the visitor was of him.

This was no other than that splendid patriot and friend of all good things Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Sir Arthur belongs to that great public of intellectual people who read My Magazine, and on reaching Adelaide he called on the Editor of The Observer to say that "there was one man in Australia he wanted to meet, and that was Mr. Bellchambers, whose nature work he had become deeply interested in through reading an article by Arthur Mee in My Magazine."

Happy Day With Nature

The Editor of The Observer was delighted to take Sir Arthur out to the sanctuary, and there the creator of Sherlock Holmes, and all those other fine tales that have gone round the world, spent a very happy day. On his return the famous author sat down and wrote his impressions of Humbug Scrub. He saw the gentle wallabies, kangaroos, and little possums—jolly balls of fur which crawled on his shoulders, got inside his coat, and found a resting-place in his pocket.

Hereweread oneortwo thingshesaid.

Before I reached Australia there was one man whom I had made up my mind to see. This was Mr. Bellchambers. I had read an account of him in My Magazine, and I knew him to be one of those men who were very close to Nature, who loved her as their mother.

Bellchambers is a mixture of the New Forest Brusher, a famous character whom I knew in my youth, who lived and died in a bark hut in the forest, and Thoreau, the American philosopher. He is a kind-eyed, unkempt man in the fifties, with no thought of appearances,

but with the look and the voice which bespeak the gentle soul within.

I have come back from a long day with mixed impressions.

We spoke of those things which may seem slight to the world, and yet are more permanent than thrones and dynasties. I learned of the strange storks—the "native companions" who meet 500 at a time for their stately balls; of the bower birds who decorate their homes with glass and pebbles; of the little red beetles who fertilise the insectivorous plants without being eaten like other insects; of all manner of nature secrets.

Then I have the same mixed memory of the things I have seen: a blue-headed wren; an eagle soaring in the distance; a hideous lizard with a huge open mouth; a laughing jackass which refused to laugh; many more or less tame wallabies and kangaroos; a dear little possum which got under the back of my coat and would not come out; noisy mina birds which fly ahead and warn the game against the hunter.

Advice for the Powers That Be

Good little noisy mina! All my sympathies are with you! I would do the same if I could. This senseless lust for killing is a disgrace to the race. We of England cannot preach, for a pheasant battue is about the worst example of it.

Might I take the liberty of giving a word of advice to the Government of this beautiful State? In Mr. Bellchambers you have a very rare and valuable man. You are wasting him.

Let the State acquire several blocks round Bellchambers' area, and let the whole be enclosed. Let him be ranger, with adequate remuneration. Let the roads connecting up be improved. All this would cost very little; but see what you would have in return. You would have a show place which folk would come from far to see. You would have a wonderful pleasure resort for the people of Adelaide.

You would leave in the very best and most loving hands those numerous birds and other creatures which are seriously threatened with extinction. Do this, and your grandchildren will extol your wisdom. Don't do it, and in ten years it will be too late.

Saving Australia's Wild Life

Sir Arthur's visit has kindled afresh the interest in the Bellchambers Sanctuary aroused by My Magazine and the C.N., and there is now talk of making the sanctuary more approachable, though Mr. Bellchambers writes us that he feels sure his animal and bird friends would prefer it as it is. It is also suggested that a fund should be raised to help the work. Among the things Mr. Bellchambers wants are a good wild-life observatory, a lot of fox-proof fencing, and the enclosing and protecting of many creatures which are slowly approaching the danger zone.

The C.N. hopes that all Australian naturalists will rally to the aid of our old friend, and help him in the splendid work he does for the beautiful wild life of the marvellous continent under the southern skies.

Pictures on page 12

THE LOST TREASURE And How It was Found SPLENDID REWARD FOR AN HONEST MAN

Nobody ought to be honest for the sake of a reward. Honesty is the right course, and for that reason honesty should be everybody's rule, without a moment's hesitation.

But it is also right that people who have been negligent, and have suffered loss which is made good by others, should fine themselves and reward their helpers with a generous gratitude.

A capital instance of the right way has occurred in Paris, where a careless American businessman left in the Cherbourg-to-Paris train a bag containing papers worth, to him, £80,000.

Outside the station he discovered that his bag was missing, and ran back hastily to find it. Nowhere could it be seen. So he reported it to the police and offered £2000 reward.

Scarcely had he done this when a railwayman walked in, bringing the bag to the lost-property office.

The American looked through the bag to see that nothing had been lost, and then, to the astonishment of the honest railwayman, who was poor and had a large family, he wrote out and handed to the restorer of the bag a cheque for £2000.

So the ending of the story of the traveller's carelessness was happy all round. He paid for his thoughtlessness like a man, and honesty received a splendid bonus.

THE DANCE OF PRIDE Bird Displays His Feathers

A correspondent who has been visiting Scotland sends us this animated description of the dance of pride of a black cock.

On an open bit of sheep grass about 16 black game were arranged in a rough circle, six grey hens on each side with one black cock at the top and bottom, and one magnificent fellow dancing in all his glory in the midst.

He had his tail up, showing a white fan behind, his wings down like a turkey cock, and his head and neck low with all his feathers puffed out. He strutted about, turning himself round and making curious sounds.

The birds were all so absorbed in the show that they took no notice of us.

WELCOME SHOWER BATH The Frog That Did Not Forget

A Birmingham correspondent sends her observation of a frog's memory.

During the summer of 1919, just as dusk was approaching, a frog came into the yard and sat under an overflow pipe from which fell drops of water.

At first he came about every third night, and then on alternate nights. When the water was not falling he came and sat in exactly the same spot.

I then took a cup of water and sprinkled it lightly over his back. He remained quiet and seemed to enjoy it, and stayed while I talked to him.

Towards autumn he came every evening, and brought a companion with him. I wondered if he would remember to come again in 1920. He did come, but alone, and sat under the overflow pipe every evening for a week.

TINY GOES SHOPPING Dog that Remembers Names

A Hove reader says of her whippet, Tiny: She seems to understand all we say. If I say, "Would you like to go with me?" she runs to where her collar is kept and waits to have it put on.

If, as I leave the house, I say "Shops" to her, she always runs to the right; and if I say "Park," to the left.

When I say "You can't go with me today, Tiny," she runs at once to her bed and remains till I return.

She knows all my children by name.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Greenfinches Begin to Part Company

BEES WAKING UP

By Our Country Correspondent

January 30. The bees are beginning to wake up after their winter sleep, and any warm sunny morning will bring them out to try their wings. Even if they do not fly in the open we can hear them rumbling inside the hive. Though there are not many flowers open yet, it is pleasant to see the bees about.

January 31. All through the winter the greenfinches have been going about in parties, and feeding together on the seeds of weeds, and sometimes, to the farmer's disgust, on his newly-sown wheat. Now, however, the parties are beginning to break up.

February 1. The spurge laurel is a sister plant of the mezeon, and is a low shrub, about two feet high, which is found in woods, though it is not very common. The flowers, which are now open, are green and fragrant, and often come out earlier than the mezeon.

February 2. The familiar hoo-hoo-hoot of the brown, or tawny, owl can be heard at night now, and next month this useful bird will be nesting in a hole in a tree, though occasionally it builds in a church tower or barn. It loves the denser parts of the woods, and on this account is often called the wood owl.

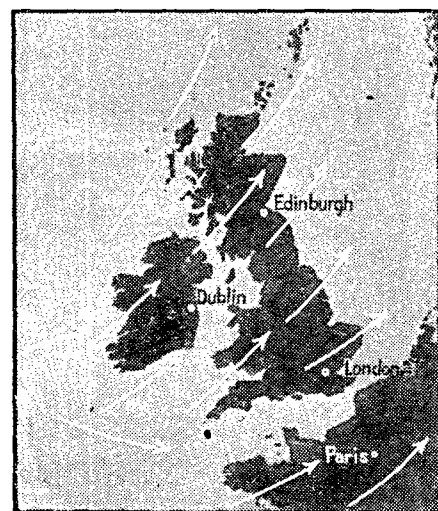
February 3. Snowdrops and daisies are quite common, and it is easy to make up an interesting little nosegay during a short walk through the fields and lanes. Among blossoms that are just coming out are those of the stinking hellebore, a near relative of the Christmas rose.

February 4. We had almost forgotten the evil housefly, but its increasing appearance on the window-panes on sunny days reminds us that soon it will be carrying on its harmful work.

February 5. The chaffinches have been about the farms during the winter, but now they are beginning to look out for the young shoots in our gardens, and the only compensation we have is their bright and joyful, though rather monotonous, song now beginning.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Winds of February



This map shows the direction of the prevailing winds in the United Kingdom during February

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Make a sowing of turnips, Early Milan, Snowball, or White Stone, in a warm border. A new plantation of Jerusalem artichokes may be made in any spare corner.

Plant apples, pears, plums, cherries, quinces, medlars, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, apricots, peaches, and nectarines. Prune, but not when freezing.

In bad weather prepare new nails for wall trees by putting them in boiling linseed oil to prevent rust.

MADE WEAK BY THE WAR

Saddest of All Sufferers

CRYING NEED OF THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR

By a Worker for Little Children

Millions of children are growing up weak and suffering and often helpless because of the Great War. It is bad enough for grown-up people to starve, but for children it is infinitely worse.

A child's bones are softer than a man's. Food helps the bones to harden, and if a child has not enough food the bones do not harden. Hungry children in Vienna have been known to break their arms just turning in bed, and some of them will never be able to walk because their legs are too weak.

Then want of food brings illnesses, and starved children grow up weakly.

We in this country try to take great care so that our children may grow up happy and strong, but our school dinners, health centres, and children's hospitals cost a lot of money, and we are poorer than we used to be. However, the poorer we are the more we must try not to let the children suffer. We should say to the societies who are working for them, "We used to give you so much money, but now times are bad for children, and you must work twice as hard, and we will give you twice as much."

British Scholars Help Serbia

If we do this it will not matter so much if we have to go through difficult times for a few years, because the children will grow up and be able to pay back to our country all that we have done for them, so helping to make the nation prosperous.

We must do our best, too, for children all over the world. Think of it! In Serbia before the war when a child fell ill there was no hospital to which its mother could take it. Now British people have helped to start the first children's hospitals in Serbia and Czechoslovakia, and the first Child Welfare Centres in these countries, as well as in Rumania and Armenia. Is it not good to think that the first grant made to the hospital in Serbia was money subscribed by British school children? We British people must never rest until we have made it known all over the world that we want children everywhere to be healthy.

PAT'S BEDTIME

Obedient to Orders

The matron of a London institution says:

Each night, if I say, without lifting my head from my book, needlework, or letter writing, "Go to bed, Pat," our Welsh terrier rises at once and walks out to the room where he sleeps.

If the door is shut he comes back and wags his tail and waits, but never attempts to lie down again.

When we first had him he cried to go out with us on the two first Sundays, but I held up the prayer-book, and said, "No, Pat; doggies cannot go to church." And now he seems to know; but twenty minutes before we arrive home he asks to be let out to meet us.

A BLIND MAN'S GUIDE

Dog that Helps His Master

A Tunstall reader gives, as an illustration of a dog's understanding of language, the cleverness of old Ben, a dog who guides his blind master through Stoke-on-Trent.

The dog's master is a rag gatherer, and on Saturday nights sells nuts; and Ben knows every street by name, and every house where his master calls. Our correspondent adds:

As I was curious I asked Ben's master to show me how he acted when ordered to go somewhere; and, sure enough, as soon as he heard, "I want to go to the park," the dog turned right away, and began to pull in the right direction, looking both ways to see that all was clear before he crossed the street.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

Can a Dragon-Fly Kill a Horse?

No; a dragon-fly is absolutely harmless, for it has no sting.

Why Have Some Birds Spurs?

They are weapons. Birds strike each other, as well as other enemies, with their spurs.

Can Wood Pigeons be Domesticated?

Undoubtedly nestlings could be reared and domesticated, like the young of all our wild birds.

Why Does a Cat Sit with Its Back to the Fire?

For the same reason that any animal lies in the sunshine when it is cold—in order to gain warmth.

Will a Butterfly Die After Laying Its Eggs?

Many do, but not all; for some lay eggs, sleep away the winter, and produce more eggs in the following year.

Can Fish Make a Noise with Their Mouths?

Many fish have sound-organs, but what the purpose of these can be is a mystery, for fish do not hear.

Can a Young Parrot be Taught to Talk?

Yes; but if the bird is kept in a room where conversation is frequent, it will pick up words for itself.

Why Do Cockroaches Invade the House?

They are alien immigrants. They came from a warm climate, and need the high temperature of the house.

What Is Mace?

Mace is the inner covering of the nutmeg, a brilliant red when fresh, but rendered brown by drying when being prepared for commerce.

Where Does the Death's Head Chrysalis Spend the Winter?

In the soil near the food on which it fed as a caterpillar—potato plants, thorn-apple, woody nightshade, jasmine, elder, damson, hemp, spindle tree, and so on.

What Is a Quince?

The common quince is a fragrant pear-shaped fruit. Hard and bitter in flavour by itself, it forms an agreeable flavouring in an apple tart, and is popular when made into marmalade.

What Do Whales Live On?

The huge whalebone whale has so small a throat that it could not swallow a herring. Its food consists of multitudes of minute life-forms—sea-butterflies, for example. The toothed whales eat any living thing they can catch.

Is a Fox Terrier Guided by Its Tail?

The tail of every dog is apparently meant to play a part in steering the animal, but as cruel fashion condemns most terriers to run with tails artificially shortened, they have to rely upon other means for control of movements.

Why Are Horses Clipped in Winter?

In winter the coat of the horse grows long, to keep it warm. If the long coat remained on a horse which has to work, the animal would become too hot, sweat, then catch cold. So we clip its coat and supply it with rugs to keep it comfortable when stationary or in the stable.

Are Insects Ever Kept for Their Song? Yes; in the Amazon region there is a variety of cricket which the natives capture and keep in little wicker cages solely to hear it sing.

The music can be heard from one end of a village to the other. The life of the vast Amazon basin is very wonderful, and is described in a splendidly illustrated article in the C.N. monthly—My Magazine—for February, now lying on the bookstalls.

GLORIOUS POINT OF LIGHT

STAR THAT SHINES WITH A CRIMSON GLOW

The Eye of the Bull and the Sad Sisters

DYING SUNS PREPARING FOR LIFE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Between the jewelled cluster of the Pleiades and Orion is a curiously shaped group of stars.

These have been known from ancient times as the Hyades, a classical legend stating that they were the sisters of Hyad, who died through grief at the loss of their brother, and were changed into stars. The more prominent seven stars composing the group are arranged in the form of a V on its side, and they can, therefore, be picked out easily from the sparkling host above us.

But sharp eyes will readily detect more than seven stars, and even small opera-glasses will show, on a dark night, over fifty arranged very strikingly in curves and streams, making a most impressive scene of stellar grandeur.

Star Now in Its Youth

Their chief glory, however, is Aldebaran, at the left-hand corner, whose reddish light is very obvious; and this doubtless influenced the ancients in giving the star the honour of representing the Bull's Eye in the Constellation of Taurus, or the Bull. Now, to astronomers the crimson hue of this glorious point of light is of great significance, for it tells them they have here a sun in a certain stage of its existence; and the most recent investigations, as pointed out by Professor Eddington, have shown that Aldebaran is a sun now known to be at an early period of its career.

By analysing the light from these stars it is possible to distinguish between suns that are growing hotter and brighter and those which, like our own Sun, are dying down. Some reddish stars are giving forth their last fitful glow before their fires are exhausted.

Such suns are usually to be seen only with the aid of a telescope, shining with a faint, deep ruby light, often variable, amid the sparkling multitude full of the fires and glow of youth, but nevertheless lifeless; for it is on the surface of the so-called dead suns that we should be most likely to find life.

What the Stars Are Made Of

All the materials that we know so well are there on those dark, far-off spheres—a plenitude of hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, that constitute the essentials of life; the sodium so familiar as salt; even the lime that builds our bones; and the iron, an essence of our blood and marrow, are there in plenty.

We know these elements, and multitudes of others, are in the brilliant stars because astronomers, with the spectroscopic, can see the effect of them in their light; and we know that when these glorious suns die down these elements will be still there. But they will be in a condition more like we have them on Earth; and chemical energy being, like all other energy, the same throughout the Universe, life adapted to the particular conditions may almost be regarded as a certainty.

Globe of Fiery Gas

But long, long ages have got to pass before Aldebaran becomes habitable; the elements are there in voluminous quantities, only as intensely hot and brilliant gases. Indeed, it is now recognised that Aldebaran is an enormous globe of fiery gas, giving forth a hundred and ten times the light of our own Sun.

Recent and more exact measurements have found him to be at a distance of 45 light years, or 2,835,000 times as far away as our Sun, yet he is much nearer to us than to any of the visible multitude of the Hyades, the Pleiades, or the brilliant orbs of Orion, all of which lie in the great beyond.

G. F. M.

OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the
Secret of an Old Ruin

: : Told by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 40 The Great Gale

THE gale that had sprung up at midday was growing steadily stronger as Hank and Stan walked onwards. The great trees were swaying, and the last of the leaves torn from the branches were fluttering down in thousands. The wind caught them as they reached the ground, and whirled them in eddying drifts.

"Some storm, I guess," said Hank. "Stan, I reckon we had better get back to the school."

"I expect we had," agreed Stan. "We shan't be able to stand if this gets much stronger. Besides, we'd better have another look round and see if there's any possible way of getting into the ruins."

Hank nodded.

"That's going to be the trouble, old son. It was bad enough before, but with all this wire around, I guess it's going to be awkward."

"Couldn't we get a pair of those nippers they used to use in France? They'd cut it fast enough."

"Yes, and give the whole show away. Suppose anyone came along while we were inside there and noticed the wire was cut?"

"But they wouldn't know we were there."

"They'd know someone was there, and they'd might soon come to look for us. And just you remember, Stan, we are not going to walk right on top of this thing, whatever it is. I reckon Caffyn and Delmar have done quite a lot of searching below there, and I don't believe they've found anything yet. You and I have got to get a whole afternoon down there and have a proper rout round."

"I wish I knew what it was," sighed Stan.

"Something worth looking for," Hank answered with emphasis. "As I said before, people like Adnan Delmar and Caffyn are not going to take such big chances as they have taken unless they're due to gain a big stake."

"That's true, Hank. But do you still think it may be tin ore?"

Hank shook his head.

"I don't reckon it's tin ore. So far as I could see when we were down there the other day all of those underground places are walled in with big stones. There wasn't bare rock showing anywhere round."

"Then if it's not tin, it may be treasure of some sort," said Stan.

"It's not a bit of use making guesses, son. We've got to look."

As they entered the quadrangle they were met by a gust so strong they could hardly stand against it. Waiting until it passed, they walked slowly up around the left-hand side of the quad, past the five courts, and so along beside the fence which enclosed the ruins.

Without appearing to do so, both carefully examined every yard of the fence. When they got to the end of it, they strolled towards their class-room.

"Not what you might call encouraging," said Hank grimly.

"It's worse than I thought," replied Stan. "I don't see how on earth we can get over the wire without a ladder!"

"That garden side's all closed up, too, isn't it?" said Hank.

"Every bit of it. There's no way through there. Father's had that tree cut down—the one, I mean, by which you could climb to the window."

"We're certainly up against it," allowed Hank, "but I reckon there's always a way of doing a job if you only try hard enough."

At evening school the roar of the gale was so great that the masters' voices could hardly be heard.

By tea-time it was even worse, and Mr. Prynn gave the order that no boys were to go outside on any excuse whatever, for the slates, wrenched from the roofs by the fury of the gale, were flying dangerously across the quadrangle.

By bedtime such a storm was raging as none of the boys had ever before seen. The roar was deafening, and even the great solid buildings quivered under the battering shocks of tremendous gusts.

Stan couldn't sleep for the noise, and lay awake listening to the thunder and rush of the savage gale. At last he dozed off, only to be awakened by such a crash that for the moment he really thought the roof was off. The noise woke everyone in the dormitory.

"Some bump!" came Hank's voice.

"It isn't the roof, anyhow," said Willoughby.

"It's only a tree," spoke up Burton. "Get to sleep again, you chaps. It's all right."

The gust which had done the damage, whatever it was, seemed to be the climax of the storm. Though it still blew hard, the gale began to ease off, and Stan soon went sound asleep. When he was roused by the first bell the wind had dropped completely, and a thin drizzle of misty rain was falling.

He dressed quickly and hurried out into the quadrangle, which was littered with broken branches and slates. One glance was enough to show him what had caused that appalling crash. The biggest elm in the quad was down. It was one which had stood about halfway along the fence surrounding the ruins, and it had fallen across the fence, which was flattened like a pancake under the enormous weight of the giant trunk.

Stan felt a hand on his shoulder. "Mighty useful gale that," came Hank's familiar voice. "Guess it's done the trick better than we could."

"How do you mean, Hank?"

"You're not properly awake, son," grinned Hank. "What's the matter with walking right into the ruins along the trunk?"

CHAPTER 41 The Ringed Slab

EVERYTHING favoured the two conspirators.

The drizzle, having lasted till nearly midday, was succeeded by a fog so heavy that it was difficult to distinguish figures the length of the quadrangle. Games were out of the question, so, though it was a half-holiday afternoon, practically every boy in the school stuck in his class-room or study, reading or ragging, as the mood seized him.

Hank and Stan, having made all their plans beforehand, put on their overcoats as if they were going for a walk, and sallied out, but instead of making for the gates they went straight across to the fallen tree. One moment they stood there while Hank cast one swift glance round.

"All serene!" he said curtly, and dived in among the mass of branches. Stan followed, and, clambering rapidly through the tangle, they reached the inner court without the least trouble.

"And that's that," said Stan, as he slipped in through the hidden entrance behind the ivy.

The pockets of their overcoats were stuffed with various things which they had collected for their enterprise. They had a candle lantern, and plenty of candle-ends and matches. They had a heavy hammer and a cold chisel, some stout cord, and a big ball of fine twine. Also a packet of chocolate, and various other odds and ends.

Hank lit the lantern, and they made their way down the steep, broken steps. Stan's heart was beating rather quickly as he found himself at last on the forbidden ground. He and Hank were breaking one of the strictest of the school rules, and he knew his father far too well to suppose that any exception would be made in their favour if they were caught.

"Best go on to where we saw Caffyn that day," he said to Hank, and Hank nodded agreement. These underground places seemed colder and damper than ever, and their steps rang hollow in the dim silence. It did not take them long to find the spot where they had first seen the light on that day when Stan had chased Caffyn. It was at the far end of the great pillared crypt and in the mouth of the passage that led to it.

Here they searched vigorously, Hank carefully hunting for foot-steps. These were fairly plain to his practised eye, and he followed them for some way down the passage.

"Here's where Caffyn stopped," he said presently. "We'd better search the wall and the floor."

They did so, tapping everywhere with their hammers, but without any success.

"I guess we interrupted him before he'd got to his spot," said Hank. "Let's try on a bit."

"Perhaps he didn't know the spot," suggested Stan. "Perhaps he was just searching, like us."

A little farther on they came to a cross passage. The floor of this showed no marks at all, so they knew they were on new ground.

At Stan's suggestion they kept to the left, but before they went on Hank marked the wall at the corner with a piece of white chalk. The passage trended steadily downwards, though at a gentle slope. The great blocks of stone which formed the massive walls were stained with moisture, and here and there, where the water had leaked through the roof, small grey stalactites hung down.

Hank pulled up short. "Say, Stan," he remarked in his quiet drawl, "I'm kind of glad we've got a light."

As he spoke he held out his candle, and Stan shivered as he saw that his chum was standing on the very edge of a black pit, a great shaft leading down they could not tell where, and covering the whole breadth of the passage.

Hank took a marble from his pocket and dropped it. There was no sound until you could have counted five, then from the depths came a faint splash.

"Their well," said Stan. "They always had to have water in castles in the old days in case they were besieged."

Who Is This?



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"Caffyn wasn't after water," said Hank. "We'll try to the right."

They did, and found themselves in a criss-cross of passages and subterranean chambers. What they were all meant for it was difficult to guess, and it was staggering to consider the enormous amount of labour that must have been spent upon excavating and building them. In one dungeon they found some dry bones, and that was all.

For quite an hour they tramped here and there, and each passage, as they traversed it, they marked with crosses of chalk on the walls. And then, at last, they found themselves back at the very spot from which they had started, the inner end of the great pillared crypt.

Stan was feeling very discouraged. The intense silence and gloom of the place were getting on his nerves.

"Hank, I don't believe there's a thing down here except those horrid bones," he said.

Hank shook his head slowly.

"I allow it's discouraging," he admitted, "but we're not going to give up yet awhile, old son. Let's scout round this big cellar."

He took out a fresh candle, lit it from the guttering stump of the old one, and fixed it in the lantern. Then he started walking round the crypt, keeping quite close to the wall. He had hardly gone ten steps when the sound of his foot-steps changed abruptly, and he and Stan both stopped short.

"There's a hollow under this flag," said Stan.

"Sure thing!" said Hank, and next moment both were down on their knees examining the floor.

The floor was covered with thick dust, which here was very dry. Stan brushed it away with an old handkerchief. Next moment he started.

"Here's a ring," he said, in a breathless whisper.

He got hold of the ring as he spoke, but it was rusted tight into its bed. A little persuasion with the cold chisel soon remedied this, and the next thing Hank did was to slip a length of rope through the ring. He laid the lantern aside.

"Take hold, Stan," he said. "Let's see if we can shift her."

The two put their backs into it, but at first the slab resisted all their efforts. Hank rove on a long piece of rope and carried it round the nearest pillar, so as to get extra leverage. Then they pulled again.

"She's a-coming," said Hank, and sure enough she was. Inch by inch the big flat slab rose from its ancient bed until at last it gaped wide open.

"Don't let her go right over," warned Hank. "She'll make an awful row. You hold the rope, and I'll prop her."

This he did with some pieces of loose stone. Then he picked up the lantern again.

"No; it's not a well this time," he remarked.

Stan's heart was thumping. "A well. Rather not! There are steps," he exclaimed. "Come Hank. Quick!"

Hank shook his head.

"You don't catch me napping twice over," he said. "You take the lantern, and go on down, Stan. I'll stay here and keep watch."

"What for?"

"Caffyn or Delmar. Nice we'd look if they were to come along and drop this grave-stone on top of us."

"Phew! I hadn't thought of that. All right. I'll go down."

"Well, go slow, and watch out for bad air. I don't reckon there's a lot of ventilation down there. The candle'll burn dim if the air gives out."

Stan took the lantern. His foot was on the top step when suddenly from behind a pillar close by a figure stepped quickly out into the small circle of light.

"Ah, I thought it was you two beauties!" remarked a sneering voice. It was Delmar who stood before them, and in his right hand was a heavy knobbed stick.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Singing Poet

THE son of a small Dublin grocer was sent to the school where the famous Sheridan had been as a boy, and his lively and merry disposition soon made him the favourite pupil of the master.

At this school great attention was paid to elocution and literature, and when the boy was fourteen he wrote two poems which were published in a Dublin magazine, to his intense delight. He had been rhyming almost from infancy, and when he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, he continued to write verses, and then produced a play with songs which was performed before a number of friends in his father's drawing-room.

He was intended for a lawyer, and so, when he had taken his degree, he went to London to study law, but spent far more time writing poetry. It was fortunate that he was so young, or otherwise he might have been mixed up disastrously in the Irish rebellion of 1798, for some of the leaders who were executed were his friends.

In 1803, by influence, he obtained a Government post at Bermuda, but on arriving found he did not like it, so went off to America for a time, and then returned to England.

He published a volume of poems, and when these were condemned in a famous review he challenged the writer to a duel. He borrowed pistols from a fellow author, who at once went off and informed the authorities, so that the duel might be stopped; but of this the poet knew nothing.

After a good night's rest he drove to a suburb of London, where he met the critic, and while the seconds made the preparations for the duel the two opponents walked and talked.

"What a lovely morning!" said the critic.

"Yes," said the poet, with a smile; "a morning made for better purposes."

Then they cracked jokes, and at last all was ready and they took up their positions. The pistols were raised and the word to fire was about to be given when suddenly from behind a hedge rushed the police, and took away the pistols. The duellists afterwards became fast friends.

In 1811 the poet married an actress; then he travelled on the Continent and wrote many pleasing and beautiful songs, which were set to music and sung by himself. He sang with great pathos, and the listeners invariably wept. Sometimes the poet himself also shed tears. He wrote several biographies, and died in the year 1852. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





A Good Laugh is One of Nature's Best Remedies



DI MERRYMAN

BARBER: "Do you want a hair cut, sir?"
Customer: "No. I want them all cut!"
Barber: "Any particular way, sir?"
Customer: "Yes, off!"

Arithmetical Puzzle

DIVIDE 45 into four parts so that if two be added to the first, two subtracted from the second, the third multiplied by two, and the fourth divided by two, the result will be the same in all cases.

Solution next week

Engineering Up-to-Date

A CONCEITED young man was being shown round an engineering works.

"That's an engine-boiler, sir," said the old foreman, as he pointed to a large steel cylinder.

"An engine-boiler?" repeated the youth; and, wishing to be funny, he added: "What do they boil engines for?"

Quick as a shot came the reply from the old man:

"To make the engine tender!"

The Zoo That Never Was



The Vipard

To kiss the Teenit as it swings
Along, the Vipard bends—
Little things and big things
Are off the best of friends.

Max and Jim

MAX an' Jim,
They're each other's
Fat and slim
Little brothers.

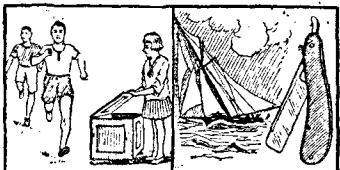
Max is thin,
An' Jim, the fac's is,
Fat ag'in
As little Max is!

Their Pa 'lowed
He don't know whuther
He's most proud
Of one er th'other!

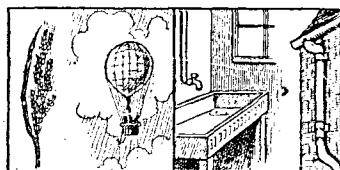
Their Ma says
They're both so sweet—'m!—
That she guess
She'll haf to eat 'em!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Esses and Zeds



Race Raise Racer Razor



Rice Rise Sink Zinc

These pairs of words have entirely different meanings, but in conversation differ only in the s and z sounds.

WHO was it made all and sold all? and who bought all and lost all?

The blacksmith made an awl and sold it; the shoemaker bought and lost it.

A Queer Taste

I KNOW a queer creature named Jones
Who goes about picking up stones.
He says, "In my blood
There's no passion for mud,
But macadam I've got in my bones."



Safety First

Always cross the road where there is a refuge

What is It?

WHAT in Scripture is oft recorded by name;
For uses mostly sacred you'll first find its fame;
You next from the farmyard a female must take;
Without her few housewives can make a good cake;
To these, when connected, pray add, if you please,
Two-thirds of a gem: 'twill make, with great ease,
What the curious may see, and wish to explain,
Which for ages has stood, and 'tis hoped will remain.

Solution next week

Is Your Name Goy?

THEN your remote ancestors probably lived at Gouy, in France, and received the name of their native town as a surname. After their descendants came to England the name took the simpler form of Goy.

WHY are tall people lazier than short people?
Because they are always longer in bed.

COLOURING SANTA CLAUS Two £5 Prizes Awarded

A LARGE number of readers have given Santa Claus a new coat, and the two prizes of £5 for the two best colourings of the Merryman picture in No. 92 of the C.N. have been awarded to Dorothy Helen Clifford, 60, Doyle Gardens, Willesden, and Austin Williams, 2, Beech Villas, Trinant, Crumlin, Mon. We congratulate them heartily on their skill and success. Many of the other copies sent in were very cleverly done.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Authors' Names

Dryden, Longfellow, Lamb, and Goldsmith.

The Problem of the Legs

A man came in with a leg of mutton, placed it on a three-legged stool, and went out. A dog ran off with the leg of mutton. The man returned and threw the stool at the dog to make him drop the leg of mutton.

What Are They Doing?

The boy was kicking a Rugby ball and the girl was having a swing.

Jacko Uses His Wits

THERE was such a rumpus going on downstairs that Jacko wondered what it was all about. He stole out to the landing and listened.

"Filthy! Simply filthy!" shouted his father.

"Try another, Benjamin," urged his mother, soothingly.

"I've no time to change!" snapped his father. "I'd lose my train. Pretty object I shall be in town all day! If there's one thing that annoys me, it's a dirty collar. Look at it! It's a nice sort of laundry, I must say, to send a collar home with a great lump of mud on it!"

"Mud!" echoed Mother Jacko, in a thoughtful voice.

Father Jacko said no more. He stamped across the room, opened the hall door, and shut it behind him with a bang.

For a moment there was silence. Then Mrs. Jacko came to the foot of the stairs and called:

"Jacko! Come down; I want you!"

Very slowly Jacko obeyed. Said his mother:

"Did you drop the laundry parcel in the mud last week?"

"Yes," answered Jacko.

"Your father's very angry," said Mrs. Jacko. "If he knew it was your doing, you'd get a caning!"

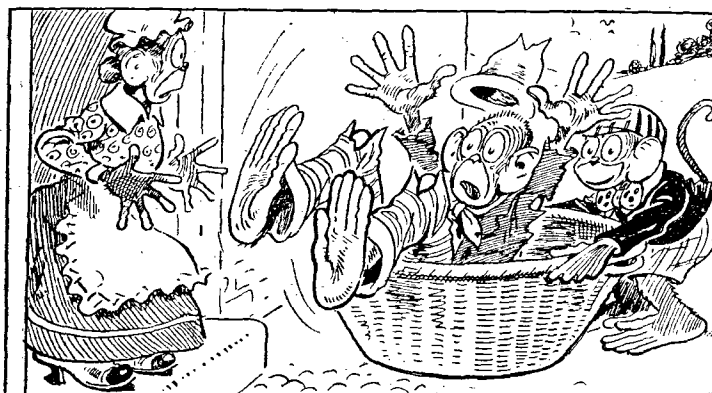
Jacko didn't doubt it.

"Next time you fetch the laundry," Mrs. Jacko went on, "you will take the basket for it."

"Oh, I say, Mater," began Jacko, horrified at the prospect of meeting his schoolfellows carrying a clothes-basket, "be a sport and let me off this time! I'll be ever so careful!"

But Mrs. Jacko had heard such promises before, and when the time came Jacko and the basket went together.

But he hadn't got very far along the lane when he caught sight of Jimmy Jones, the snob of the school. Jacko turned



It bowled him over like a ninepin

and doubled back to the garden, meaning to wait behind the hedge till Jimmy had passed.

But, while he waited, he heard his mother's voice. She was talking to a tramp. "I've nothing for you," she was saying. "You must go away."

But he wouldn't. He stood there, begging, a great, heavy, grubby man. Jacko didn't like the look of him.

"He's not hungry," he thought. "He's too fat. He wants Dad to move him on."

But Dad was out, and so was Big Brother Adolphus.

"Good thing I'm here," thought Jacko.

But another look at the big man and he wasn't so sure.

"I shall have to do something," he told himself. "Mater will be getting the wind up in a minute."

But what could he do, a small boy of his age?

"I wonder if I could butt in from behind, catch him under the knees, and send him over, just to give Mother a chance to shut the door?" he muttered. "I'll have a shot, anyway!"

As he moved forward he caught his foot against the clothes-basket. The basket gave him an idea. Chuckling to himself, he picked it up, ran up to the great bully, pushed it against his legs, and—hey, presto!—bowled him over like a ninepin!

Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: Freely Give

5 Tels sont les douze que Jésus envoya, après leur avoir donné les instructions suivantes: N'allez pas vers les païens, et n'entrez pas dans les villes des Samaritains.

6 Allez plutôt vers les brebis perdues de la maison d'Israël.

7 Allez, prêchez, et dites: Le royaume des cieux est proche.

8 Guérissez les malades, ressuscitez les morts, purifiez les lépreux, chassez les démons. Vous avez reçu gratuitement, donnez gratuitement. St. Matthew 10

Notes and Queries

What are the Iron Gates? A famous defile on the Danube, more than a mile long.

What are Metaphysics? Metaphysics is a term used to describe the science which deals with what can and cannot be known about Being.

What is Portage? A charge made by the Post Office for delivery of telegrams by a messenger outside the radius of free delivery; also a charge by a company or corporation for the hiring of porters.

ABC Stories

The Villain



STANDS for villain—the little villain who flung his ball through the next-door greenhouse.

Of course it smashed the glass. And of course it made a terrific noise, and brought out the old gentleman to whom it belonged. And of course he was very angry.

It was a most unfortunate thing to have happened, and poor Nobby was dreadfully upset. But he wasn't half as upset as the old gentleman.

"You young villain!" he shouted, growing red in the face.

"I'm so sorry," stammered Nobby. "I'll pay for it. I've got some money in my . . ."

"It's not the glass—it's my orchids!" roared the old gentleman.

For the ball had crashed through the glass and done terrible damage to the precious blooms inside. Nobby was frightened. He, too, loved flowers, and hated to hurt them. The tears came into his eyes, and he turned and fled.

That was on Monday. On Tuesday Nobby was in bed with a great linen bandage tied round his forehead.

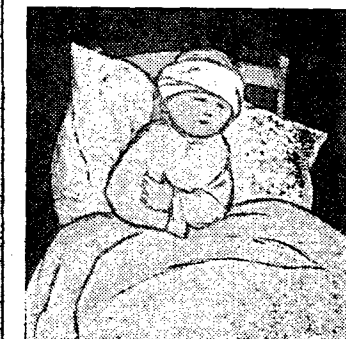
He was a sad little villain, for Mother was busy, and he was all alone.

Suddenly there came a loud knock at the hall-door, and then voices, and then the tramp! tramp! of heavy footsteps up the stairs. Then the door opened, and in walked the old gentleman from next door.

"Well, well!" he said, in a big, hearty voice. "I'm come to make my peace with you, young man. I'm afraid I growled like a bear yesterday. Too bad! But what's that thing round your head for?"

"I fell and hurt it," said Nobby, shyly.

"Hurt it running away from the old bear, I'll be bound."



He was a sad little villain

Dear, dear! This is a bad business."

"Bow-wow!" said something from outside the door; and, to Nobby's astonishment, in ran a beautiful little black-and-white puppy.

"He won't hurt you," said the old gentleman. "I brought him—for you—to cheer you up."

For a minute Nobby was too excited to speak. At last he said, slowly: "And if I hadn't smashed your greenhouse, I should never have seen him!"

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

January 29, 1921

Every Friday, 1d.

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is Inland 1d., Abroad 1d.; a year's postal subscription is Inland 13s., Abroad 11s. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles, 14s.; elsewhere, 13s. 6d. In South Africa, Australasia, Canada, all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

POCKET MOTOR CAR · WOMEN COAL A STEAMSHIP · WINTER SPORTS



Not a Prehistoric Monster—This is not one of the monsters of millions of years ago, but a pollard willow now growing by the roadside near Newport Pagnell, in Buckinghamshire



The Joy of a Fine Winter Morning—Two skilful young skaters off for a spin on the ice at Engelberg, in Switzerland, where many visitors from all over the world have been enjoying the bright, crisp weather of the last few weeks



A Dainty Little Cupid—This little girl, impersonating Cupid, took part in a ballet at a children's party in London which was held to aid the funds of the Hospital for Crippled Children



A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed—Many roads in the Thames Valley have been under water owing to the floods, and scenes like this have been familiar



An Endless Chain of Women Workers—At Nagasaki, in Japan, all the coaling of vessels is done by women, thousands of whom form an endless chain to carry coal from the quay into the ship, as shown here



Carry Your Own Motor-Car—The latest type of motor-car to be placed on the roads is so light that it can be carried easily on the owner's back, as shown in this picture, and if it runs over anybody it does not hurt him



Famous Novelist in Nature's Home—Sir Conan Doyle, shown here, has been visiting the Bellchambers sanctuary in Australia. See page 8



Naturalist and His Tame Wallaby—Thomas Bellchambers, the famous Australian naturalist of Humbug Scrub, playing with one of his tame wallabies. See page 8



An Exciting Winter Sport—In Switzerland, where winter sports are now in full swing, one of the most exciting experiences is that of jumping an incline on a toboggan, as shown in this picture. The jumper is a member of Cambridge University